JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 7. SATURDAY, JULY 21st, 1906 ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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The John Bull Investment Trust & Agency

Offices: FINSBURY HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MANAGING TRUSTEE:

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.,

Assisted by two other Trustees to be Elected by the Subscribers.

In consequence of the response made upon the publication in JOHN BULL of the 30th ult., of a preliminary prospectus of this Co-operative Investment Trust Fund, and, after consideration of many suggestions for widening its scope and usefulness, it has been decided to submit to readers of JOHN BULL—and to them only—particulars of the following scheme.

THE "JOHN BULL" AGENCY.

THIS agency is in course of establishment for the following, amongst other, purposes:—

1. To serve as adviser and superintendent to its subscribers in all matters connected with the purchase or sale of shares through their own brokers, who must be members of the London Stock Exchange.
2. To advise subscribers by letter upon all matters affecting their investments, and to obtain information for them upon any points bearing upon the value and prospects of the shares, etc., in which they are interested.
3. To investigate any complaints its subscribers may have against any financial institution or official of any joint-stock or other company.
4. And generally to safeguard the interests of its subscribers against any encroachment on their rights and privileges on the part of promoters or directors or other persons connected with joint-stock companies.

SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription to the Agency, which entitles each subscriber to a regular copy of JOHN BULL and the full privileges enumerated above, is two guineas per annum, payable in advance, but we have reduced the subscription to one guinea per annum for the first 100 subscribers, but when these have joined the full subscription will be required.

THE "JOHN BULL" INVESTMENT TRUST.

We have also inaugurated the JOHN BULL Investment Trust, so that we may be able to take advantage of the present low quotation of stocks and shares in all markets to employ profitably, on the Co-operative principle, the capital of small investors. The minimum subscription received will be £10.

The Fund will be banked in the names of the Trustees and operated upon only by their joint signatures. Pending the appointment of the further tru tees, the Managing Trustee will act on behalf of the Trust and Agency.

A monthly Report and Statement of Accounts will be furnished to each Subscriber.

A monthly distribution will be made on account of profits—with such further quarterly distribution as the operations of the Trust may warrant.

The Investments of the Trust will be divided into three classes:

***(1) UNDERWRITING AND GENERAL FINANCE.**

***(2) MINING AND GENERAL SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT.**

***(3) INDUSTRIAL AND HOME INVESTMENT.**

In the *Underwriting and General Finance Department* the Trustees will co-operate with financial houses and others in approved new issues and other financial ventures, placing subscribers upon what are known as "bed-rock" terms, and enabling them by co-operation to secure advantages which would not be available to them individually.

In the *Mining and Speculative Department* a limited portion of the fund will be utilised, under expert guidance, in the purchase and sale of gold, silver, tin, and other mining securities—subscribers reaping the advantage of such early and special information as may be obtainable by the Trustees.

In the *Industrial and Home Investment Department* a portion of the fund will be allocated to the purchase of sound industrial securities, which for special reasons stand at prices below their intrinsic values.

*Subscribers may ear-mark their subscriptions for the purpose of being invested under either of the above headings, but where no such direction is given, the subscriptions will be used equally in all these departments.

The fund has been formed as the result of numerous suggestions and inquiries which have reached the Editor from all quarters of the country, and it is hoped will be the means not only of realising substantial profits to the subscribers, but also of keeping them out of the hands of "Outside Brokers" and the touting fraternity generally; and of giving them at the same time the benefit of that special and exclusive information and knowledge which are obtainable only as the result of extended City experience and of a position more or less "behind the scenes" in the financial world.

The Liability of Subscribers is strictly limited to the amounts of their subscriptions—the law being perfectly clear that a common fund, placed in the hands of Trustees for investment by such Trustees, does not involve the subscribers in personal liability.

Readers desirous of becoming subscribers to the Agency or participating in the fund, should fill in the forms below, and post them to JOHN BULL Agency, 186, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

TO THE "JOHN BULL" AGENCY.

I enclose £ as a subscription to the above Agency in terms of the prospectus, my subscription to date from this day, and to entitle me to all the privileges of the above Agency.

Full name .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

TO THE "JOHN BULL" INVESTMENT TRUST.

I hereby beg to apply for a participation to the extent of £ (which amount I enclose herewith) in the above-mentioned Trust, upon the terms contained in the issue of "JOHN BULL" dated 21st July, 1906.

Full name .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

All Cheques to be made payable to the JOHN BULL Investment Trust and Agency.

Offices: FINSBURY HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

No. 7. Saturday, July 21st, 1906. One Penny.

NOTICES, &c.

The Offices of JOHN BULL *are at* 186, *Fleet Street, London, E.C., where all communications should be addressed.*

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Greenberg & Co., Ltd., of 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who will in future conduct all advertising business connected with this journal, and to whom advertisers desiring spaces must apply for all particulars.

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" " 1905		£516,800
	Increase	£120,925
Assurance Funds 1900		£322,908
" " 1905		£742,942
	Increase	£420,034

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The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment
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and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free. GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
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AWARD NO. 11.

For entertaining in the Black Hills of South Dakota a lion, for one night, by her singing, and thus escaping death,
MRS. JOHN UNDERWOOD,
of New York,
TAKES THE BISCUIT,
with JOHN BULL'S hearty congratulations.

AWARD NO. 12.

Because he has, at last, received Justice,
MAJOR ALFRED DREYFUS,
TAKES THE BISCUIT,
and may it become an heirloom in his family.

AWARD NO. 13.

Because he is the youngest traveller, having, at the age of 2½ years, crossed the Atlantic quite unattended,
MASTER CHARLES CLINTON GLADWIN,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.
of the Nursery variety.

AWARD NO. 14.

To the Northampton gentleman who, having partaken of the flesh of an ass, states that it is a delicacy worthy of a place on the Menu, on account of its exquisite flavour,
WE AWARD A BISCUIT.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

And so the Government has "adopted" Lord Davey's Street Betting Bill! Why not the Juvenile Smoking Bill as well? And, in view of the large number of deaths due to swallowing marbles, cannot Dr. Clifford instruct the Home Secretary to bring in a Bill to suppress the iniquitous trade in these ungodly things? Really, we are having just a little too much of the Nonconformist Conscience. Why not pass one comprehensive, consolidating Act compelling everybody to be "good"—that is to say, not to bet, nor smoke, nor drink, and always go to church—we apologise! to chapel—on Sunday. And then we shall all be wicked; for just as every child would rather be naughty than singular (*vide* the *obiter dictum* of the Education Minister), so every citizen delights in doing that which the law forbids. Adam would never have—but no matter.

The *Daily News* exclaims over the Mint: "Curious that it should pay better to make pennies than sovereigns." Anything else would be "curiouser and curiouser," for, as everybody, we should have thought, knows, a sovereign contains £1 worth of gold, while a penny does not by any means contain a pennyworth of bronze (which "don't seem right to me"). Has the *Daily News* forgotten Mr. Childers' ill-fated scheme for debasing half-sovereigns, and Lord Randolph Churchill's epigram about the "illegitimate childers"?

The imagination of our dramatists is wonderful. One author is reported to be wavering between founding his next play on "The School for Scandal" or "As You Like It." We might point out that there is no dramatic copyright in the First Book of Cæsar, or the

Lamentations of Job. At present most musical comedy dramatists appear to derive their inspiration from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" or "Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs."

We are not a British warrior, and should be sorry to pretend that we are competent either to command an army or run the historic institution known as the War Office. A newspaper, a racing-stable, and a city company are enough for the moment. Subject, however, to the experts who know what they are talking about, as well as to those who don't, it appears to us that Mr. Haldane has produced a clear-sighted, businesslike, money-saving scheme, entitled to the support of Parliament and the nation. It is a feather in his cap that a lawyer, a philosopher, and a scholar should have been able to grip Britain's military problem in a business-like spirit. Nobody supposes that the scheme, detail for detail, is the one which he would have produced if he had been in the position of a benevolent despot, who could do precisely as he pleased without consultation or compromise with anybody. But what seems clear is that he saves a million sterling, stops the wastage, and increases the striking and defensive power of the war machine all round. In comparison with the muddling and fuddling of Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Arnold Foster, the new scheme is a miracle of genius. It does not follow, however, that it is perfect. What about general European disarmament? Isn't it time we took the lead?

One would have thought that epicures desirous of new animals to eat would have been satisfied with the recheché products of Chicago, but a Northampton gentleman has been experimenting in the English market, and now announces that donkeys make excellent eating, the flavour resembling that of young turkey. That he is fairly entitled to a special medal for bravery few people will deny. The man who first consumed a lobster or an oyster had also fine courage, and should have had a monument to his memory long ago. But the world is not over-full of gratitude, and he has been allowed to sink into the obscurity of the unhonoured and the unknown. Pending the striking of a medal, we propose to award the gentleman who has partaken of the ass one of our famous biscuits.

In the course of his speech in aid of the Consumption Research Fund, Mr. Chamberlain made the sad revelation that a great millionaire once sought his advice as to the disposal of his wealth, and did not take it. But Mr. Chamberlain need not be discouraged. All of us are little the better for the advice we give to others.

A book upon which we chanced the other day, called "The Practical Affairs of Life," suggests that before binding himself to an engagement to a lady, a lover should assume an attitude of caution. "Let him endeavour, with care, delicacy, and discretion," says the author, "to discover, before he takes the final step, if the figure be genuine, and that the other beauties are real constituents of the same individual." There is nothing mean or vulgar in these precautions. In common parlance, they are only an attempt to ascertain if the goods are equal to sample. The author evidently had in mind the case of the bewildered bridegroom who as he watched his bride deposit one by one her various artificial charms upon the dressing-table, inquired, anxiously, "Where do we sleep?"

Lord Fitzmaurice sought to excuse the renewal of relations with Servia by referring to the interests of British subjects in that country. We beg to ask the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether there are more than three British subjects residing in Servia.

The Athanasian Creed declares itself to be the Catholick Faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." Many Erastian parsons, including the authorities at Westminster Abbey, omit portions of the Athanasian Creed because they consider them not only "misleading but false." Therefore many Erastian parsons, including the authorities at Westminster Abbey, cannot be saved. Q.E.D.

A gentleman named J. Crowle (no relation to Jim Crow) has left a quarter of a million for what he was pleased to call "temperance." Out of it, £500 a year is to be spent "in opposing in any part of England the granting of licences to public-houses, theatres, music-halls, and other places of entertainment." No inquiry will be made whether the licences are needed. They are to be opposed indiscriminately. But we fail to see how this will help temperance. Look at the prohibition States in America.

A little scholar at a Manchester elementary school, in replying to the question, "What would you wish to be when you are a man?" is reported to have replied, "I wish to be a slissitor, and when anyone asks me the time, I will tell him and say, '2s. 6d. please.'" Our little friend has much to learn. This is how the bill would come out:—

	£	s.	d.
Attending you when you wished to know the correct respective positions of the hands of the clock	0	6	8
Consulting "Big Ben" and other standard authorities.	0	13	4
Cab fares	0	5	0
Attending at the Observatory, Greenwich, and comparing times	1	1	0
Rail fare and expenses	0	10	0
Attending you, informing you of the result of my inquiries	0	6	8
Draft Bill of Costs	0	5	0
Fair copy	0	2	0
Copy for yourself	0	2	0
Letter with same	0	3	1
Attending you on your bringing cheque and handing you receipt for same ...	0	6	8
	£4	1	5

And this reminds us of the story of the little urchin who accosted an eminent K.C. in the Strand, and asked the time. "Twelve o'clock," replied the man of law, pointing to the timepiece outside the Courts. "Well, I know'd that," quoth the gamin. "Then why did you ask me?" The youngster grinned, and preparing to bolt, observed, "Thought I'd like to have counsel's opinion."

We hear bad accounts of the health of poor Hugh Watt, whose non-release from prison is becoming a scandal. He was convicted upon the evidence of professional blackmailers, perjurers, and "private inquiry agents," and sentenced to a brutal term of imprisonment by a Judge constitutionally unfit to preside over such a trial. And the jury say they would never have convicted had they thought the sentence would have been anything more than a nominal one. The Home Secretary, we know, is giving the case his earnest consideration—but meantime Mr. Watt is distracted by mental and physical torture.

Speaking of the Home Secretary reminds us that we have been successful in bringing about a very important amendment in the form of the Return issued annually by the Director of Public Prosecutions. After consultation with that grim official, Mr. Gladstone has given instructions that in future the actual names of acquitted parties shall be omitted from the Returns. This may not sound a great thing to the ordinary person, but if you have a relative, or a near and dear friend, who has been wrongfully prosecuted, you will understand his sentiments and your own when, a year after his acquittal, you find the case dished up again in a public document, and learn that his name, with the offence of which he was

innocent, attached to it, is to be perpetuated for all time in an official criminal record. Mr. Gladstone has done the right thing.

A lot more interesting advertising frauds have been sent to us. One of the most amusing is undoubtedly that of a wonderful skin preparation called "Antexema," which is boomed in special articles in the *Grand Magazine*, and other publications. These are illustrations consisting of photographs of a lady and gentleman "before and after using antexema." The one photo, in each case, exhibits a very offensive, spotted countenance, and the other a perfectly clear complexion. But all the photographs are taken in exactly the same position, same dress, every hair of the head and detail of the costume identical. In other words, two copies of the same photo have been taken in each case, and one has then been "faked." We feel sure that Sir George Newnes will call upon his advertising department to back up the high literary standard of his publications by expurgating frauds of this character. In the meantime, should the proprietors consider that we are entitled to any payment for this advertisement, they can have our "scale," on application.

"See the hangman when it comes homes to him," observed Maypole Hugh in "Barnaby Rudge," when Dennis, who had "worked off" hundreds in his time, showed abject cowardice at the prospect of being "worked off" himself. This remark seems applicable to some of the exponents of the new Nonconformist Conscience. After the election Sir Albert Spicer, M.P., invited some of his supporters to a banquet and conference to celebrate his victory in Central Hackney. Amongst the questions discussed occurred a proposition in favour of all elections being held on the same day—Saturday—and of all public-houses being compulsorily closed on that day. Speeches were being made on behalf of this resolution, until the veteran old-time Radical, Bill Ramsay, interposed with a pertinent amendment, "That all elections should be held on the same day—Sunday—and close all churches and chapels on that one day." The original proposition was at once dropped.

"Except for a little hypocrisy," a French newspaper says, it has been difficult to differentiate between British Conservatives and British Liberals since the death of Gladstone. That is the truth acutely expressed. By whatever name they are known, parties are in a state of flux and change. "Except for a little hypocrisy" there is nothing to choose between them. All are opportunist. Each is trying to outbid the other, and spoof the people. Each in turn plays the game with the cards under the table. Principles, as such, are in the melting-pot. The only political principle which now survives is that the Outs should be in and the Ins should be out.

We are delighted to find that the German editors have profited by their closer acquaintance with this stupendous country. According to the "Frankfurter Zeitung," the Englishmen "does nothing half-heartedly or on a small scale, but entirely, intensely, with his whole heart." The editor would as soon have thought of standing on his fretful hair as writing that three months ago, thus proving that there is a great deal of worldly tact and wisdom in that Pauline sublimity, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

"If Birmingham is a great city," asked Mr. Chamberlain in his birthday speech the other day, "what has made it a great city?" The answer promptly came back, "Joe." It must have been a gratifying assurance to him in the days of his humiliation and his fall. Gratitude of any sort is too rare in public life to be other than welcome to the ears of men whose whole lives are spent amid the clash of political aims and political passions, and we certainly do not grudge Mr. Chamberlain the tribute of that answering voice. For the rest, we fear that, like Lucifer, he has fallen never to hope again.

Lord Goschen seems a remarkable optimist. He has been telling the Gilded Chamber that "it will have a salutary effect on the London County Council when they see that the eye of the House of Lords is upon them." As, according to his Lordship, the House of Lords is a one-eyed institution, the County Council need not be alarmed. Lord Goschen is the author of the famous phrase, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" But if he and a few others are not careful, we shall soon be thanking God we haven't.

A study in contrasts:—

From *T.P.O.*—

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROAD.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu tells of the formation of a new club for the promotion of the good fellowship of the King's highway, and of its laudable ambition to become the means of adding to prosperity of country life throughout the length and breadth of the land.

From the *Evening Standard*—

MOTORING PEER FINED.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was fined £2 and costs at Slough to-day for driving a motor-car at excessive speed. The police alleged that his lordship's car was travelling at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour.

A conjuror swallowed a watch, and might have died. The *Daily Express* says he is "keeping time against his will," and that the watch "was proof against the blandishments of ipecacuanha wine." These pleasant jests will no doubt be appreciated by the friends of the victim.

The very, very last straw: when the great Joseph was driving in state, the band struck up "He's a fine old English gentleman." We are reminded of the lobster, which was not a fish, was not red, and did not walk backwards. Joe is not fine, and he is not old-English. We say no more.

We wonder how many frequenters of Monte Carlo are aware that roulette is one of the pensées de Pascal. He it was who devised the game.

The religious secretary at Exeter Hall says that "any man who sets himself to break down total abstinence, or discredit it in any shape or form, is an enemy of the race to which he belongs." Rough on Saint Paul!

In his sugar-candied society gossip, "Tay Pay" remarks that "his Grace of Richmond and Gordon invariably chaperons his many charmingly pretty daughters, and did so at Lady Dartmouth's ball." P. O'T.—we mean *P.T.O.*—then says "The Duke . . . is of those considerate chaperons . . . who never take their charges away on the plea of the lateness of the hour, or some other excuse, *because they happen to be bored themselves.*" We hope Lady Dartmouth will appreciate this delicate compliment.

With reference to our paragraph last week about the £250 cheque won by Mr. Cooper in a *News of the World* competition, we are informed by the proprietors of that journal, by Mr. Cooper himself, that the cheque was duly presented and paid, and subsequently handed back to Mr. Cooper to be "framed and kept as an interesting momento." The proprietors are good enough to say that the wrong inference we drew was not an unnatural one in the circumstances. But if the *News of the World* want a really good advertisement, cannot they arrange for us to win another £250, and we will have the cheque photographed and reproduced in JOHN BULL? *That's* the way to advertise!

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

From Father to Son.

The appointment of Lord Coleridge as a Commissioner to take the place of a Judge on the Midland Circuit may be taken as an indication that he will soon be upon the Bench. A Commissioner does not necessarily become a Judge, but of late years the exceptions have been few. Moreover, Lord Coleridge has "claims." His father was a strenuous Liberal in his day—much more Radical than was generally supposed—and Lord Coleridge himself has been a powerful worker in the Liberal cause. In many ways his position is unique, or singular. He is the only Peer practising at the Bar; he will be the only Peer who has gone as Commissioner of Assize. He is not only amongst the small band of Radical Peers; he is of the very much smaller number of Radicals whose fathers were Peers before them. Should he go to the Bench, he will be the first lawyer who, as a Peer, has passed from the Bar to that august seat, and as a Judge he will be able to boast that he is third of his house who in direct descent has had a seat on the Bench. His grandfather was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and his father Lord Chief Justice of it, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England. Lord Coleridge is a pleasant and fluent speaker but he has not the "silver tongue" which Disraeli attributed to his father. His practice at the Bar is not among the largest, and, like his father, he not burthened with profound knowledge of the law, but he may make a good Judge, and will at least be a dignified one, which is more than can be said of some of the present occupants of the Bench.

Directors and Negligence.

We observe that Sir E. Speyer attaches a note to the report of the Company Law Amendment Committee, in which he suggests that the liability of directors for negligence with regard to the conduct of the business of a company should be increased, and amongst the defects and abuses of joint-stock enterprise in this country he includes the impossiblity of making directors personally liable for negligence in the discharge of their duties as directors. This seems to us to be putting it rather high. We should have said that the reason why the disuse of the prospectus has become so much more common is to be found in the unwillingness of directors to incur the risks to which they are liable under the Directors Liability Act 1890, and more especially the Companies Act 1900. Take, for example, the recent case of Shepheard v. Bray. Here the directors had issued a prospectus, and had duly disclosed two contracts entered into by the company, but had omitted to disclose a third contract, which the court held to be material. Now, the materiality of contracts is often a very difficult matter on which to form an opinion, and directors with no wish whatever to deceive, may, as in this case, withhold one which they ought to have disclosed. Necessarily, they must rely upon their legal advisers, and on such a point legal advisers may well differ. But note what may be the consequences to directors of a technical offence of this kind. Shepheard v. Bray was an action for damages against directors, and not one action only, but 122 actions. It may be said that, to make directors liable for negligence, "culpable or gross" negligence must be proved, but that is a matter for the jury, and no one can tell what view a jury will take upon such a point. Again, Sir Edgar Speyer would make a director liable for non-attendance to his duties, but though that is the law in Germany, it may be doubted whether, if it was made law here, it would be of much service to shareholders. How are you to decide whether a director has been neglectful of his duties? It is not merely a question of attendance—a director may be a very regular attendant at board meetings, and of no earthly use there.

Judge and Gentleman.

We have more than once recently directed attention to Mr. Justice Lawrance's judicial utterances. Last week he again indulged in unmannerly and irrelevant comment. He was trying a case at Gloucester, in which some persons of good repute were charged with rioting in defence of a public footpath at Leckhampton Hill. It is not necessary for us to go into the merits of the case, or to deny that the accused had behaved indiscreetly, and even in a way to deserve punishment. But note how this Judge dealt with the matter. Proceeding to review the circumstances of the case, his lordship said that "if anything irritated him it was the man who got up and made a speech when there was no occasion for it. There were certain people who, when they saw an eminence of any kind, must, like a goat, get upon it, and when there must make a speech. Barrett (one of the accused) began to make his speech again in court —'Ladies and gentlemen'—and they would have had the whole of it had he not objected. There was a certain statesman who, when he stopped at a railway station, must speak out of the window. Barrett was like that. How much the jury believed as to the part the boys and girls played in the damage depended upon how much they could swallow. As he grew older he was more particular as to what he swallowed."

This is worthy of the man whose insulting remarks to Lady Clifden were quoted in our issue of July 7.

Arson.

When is arson not arson? Apparently when you fire your own house. A man was sent to prison at Worcester Assizes for wilfully setting fire to his house and shop. Anyway, that is what the report says. But arson, says the law, is not arson unless the house or property fired by the offender be the property of another person. It does not follow that a man may set fire to his own house with impunity, but if he does so set fire the law holds him guilty of nothing more than a misdemeanour. In the Worcester case the prisoner said he fired the goods in question only to destroy furniture claimed by his wife. If the wife's claim was good, then he was guilty of arson. If not, not.

The Judges and their Holidays.

As usual, most of the Judges took advantage of the King's birthday to have a holiday. They had not been long back from their Whitsun vacation, but that mattered little. Why, it may be asked, do the King's Bench Judges nowadays close their courts on the King's birthday? They used not to do so, nor does the House of Lords or the Judicial Committee do so now. Both sat on the day in question. The Friday's holiday did not make the King's Bench Judges more eager for work the next day—only two of them sat.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Peter (Bodmin).—You must pay the calls.

Frances (Worthing).—File a petition for nullity of the marriage.

T. R. (Liskeard).—The royalty merges in the fixed minimum rent.

Widow (Tenby).—Estate duty must be paid, but not succession duty.

Hodges (Truro).—Your wages are a preferential claim, and will be paid in full.

Watts (Bradford).—Appoint a receiver under the powers of the Conveyancing Acts.

Allan (Edinburgh).—Your domicile is Scotch, and you must go to the Scotch Courts.

Powell (Sunderland).—See you are registered as part owner at the ship's port of registry.

Pasco (Falmouth).—The creditors cannot enforce payment until the expiration of the twelve months.

Passmore (Exeter).—This is a rate covered by the covenant in the lease. You are liable for it.

Williams (Newport).—The promoters of the undertaking are liable, having served the notice to quit.

Wood (Blackpool).—It will be necessary to obtain a provisional order under the Electric Lighting Act.

Voss (Cardiff).—If you will send up what papers you have we will go through them and advise you.

Moore (Birmingham).—There seems evidence of contributory negligence. We advise you to dispute the claim.

E. B. (Salisbury).—It was a breach of the railway bye-laws to refuse production of the ticket. You are liable.

Kempson (New York).—Send a power of attorney properly attested in favour of an agent here, to collect the claim.

Evans (Bala).—We advise you to close with the offer. We doubt if you would recover a larger sum if the case were fought out.

J. P. (Dorchester).—The stocks of American mining companies formed in the States are better left alone. You have no remedy here.

Bert (Launceston).—There is no difficulty in increasing the capital. It will require a special resolution and the holding of two meetings.

Henry (Bournemouth).—The company are entitled to claim the interest. We would advise you to ask the directors to waive it under the special circumstances.

Gaza (Madeira).—The secretary is entitled to have the receipts produced before the certificate is sent to you. Whether the company can retain them is an open question.

Ramsay (Hull).—You can maintain an action for salvage. The ship was in danger of being lost, and the services rendered saved her. Mere towage payment does not meet the services rendered.

JOHN BULL IN CARICATURE.

THE JOKES OF MEN WHO HAVE DRAWN HIM.

It struck Washington Irving as a curious fact that the British nation should have become typified as "John Bull." One would have thought, he said, that a nation would picture itself as some grand, heroic, imposing figure, and the fact that we have embodied what he called our national oddities in the "figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with red waistcoat, leather breeches, and a stout oaken cudgel," he put down to "our peculiar humour and our love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar." The John Bull of to-day—the real John Bull—is, of course, a very different fellow. He is a gentleman with a shining hat, worn with a bias towards the right ear, is attired in a well-cut frock coat, wears patent leathers, prefers a crease down his trousers, and takes long strides with a diamond mine or a gold mine in one hand and a Gladstone-bag in the other. But the traditional John Bull, John Bull as our caricaturists have made him, will survive for many a day yet, though after nearly two hundred years of wear and tear, he is doubtless rather out of the picture.

"What! Strike your Own Father!"

In the popular mind, John Bull was the invention of *Punch*. As not infrequently happens, popular impression is wrong. Bull was the invention of one Dr. Arbuthnot, who as far back as 1712 produced an allegorical history, the chief figure in which was John Bull the clothier. Gilray and Rowlandson, and other caricaturists and satirists through the period of the third George kept his memory green. *Punch's* John Bull did not appear until much later, and he seems to have been originally a copy of the Gilray type. The first *Punch* Bull was the work of W. Newman, and it depicts Bull in the character of Sancho at the table of luxury, visited by the State physician. It is a skit on the food taxes. An early Bull, drawn by Leech, had for its subject the trouble with the United States in 1846 over the Oregon boundary. "What!" cries John, standing on English ground, and talking to young Jonathan, who has his fists doubled, in America, "you young Yankee-noodle, strike your own father!"

John Bull as Hercules.

Another striking cartoon was drawn by Leech at the time of the rumours of the French invasion of England in 1848. A boy hidden, except for his legs, in the under garments of the turnip-headed figure he is carrying aloft on a stick, runs into Bull and brandishes "Invasion of the French" before him. "Come, come, you foolish fellow," says John, "you don't suppose I'm to be frightened by such a turnip-head as that?" Very good is Leech's cartoon of Palmerston exhibiting Bull as a strong man. John has the weight of the National Debt in one hand, the heavy weight of the double income-tax about his neck, and still he is trying to raise a sack representing a loan of £16,000,000 with the other hand. "He will now take the sack between his teeth and walk round the apartment," says Palmerston, "notwithstanding the great weight he has to bear already."

Relieving his "Chest."

Another Leech cartoon has Bull sitting in a chair with his coat-collar up and his feet in hot water. "There, Mr. Bull," says Dr. Gladstone, presenting a tremendous Income-tax pill, "swallow it at once, and it will relieve your chest directly." At the time of the dismissal of the British envoy from the United States in 1856 there was bad blood between Britain and America. "Come, Jonathan," cries John Bull, holding out his hand, with a sword dangling at his side and a revolver and a dagger showing from his belt, "why should we fight? Am I not a man and a brother?"

"Tuck in yer Twopenny."

Tenniel has a striking cartoon in 1867. Bull and Dizzy are playing leap-frog. Bull, with a scowl on his face, a demand for an extra twopence for Income-tax in his hand, and a bill for Abyssinia in his hat on the ground, is the frog. Dizzy is doing the leaping. "Now, then, John," he cries, going merrily over, "tuck in yer twopenny, I'm coming over you again." "The Choice of Hercules," another fine picture, was drawn by Tenniel in 1880. Standing at the parting of the ways is Bull, in the tiger skin of an athlete. Gladstone, stern and earnest, is on one side of him, pointing the way to "Peace and Prosperity," Dizzy, on the other, with the cynicism on his face, and the laurel on his brow, is inviting Bull to "Peace and Empire." And John, scratching his head, stands hesitant. This, of course, typifies the General Election of 1880.

"Please, Sir, Let's Arbitrate."

In another Tenniel cartoon, wrathful John Bull, big and vast, has little Portugal wriggling by the scruff of the neck, while he threatens to whack the boy with his cane. "Please, sir, don't hit me," cries the lad, "let's arbitrate"—a really delightful stroke of humour. Then in 1885 we have the cartoon of Gladstone by the fireside in the character of Mrs. Gummidge, and John Bull as Peggotty, with his back turned to her, pointing over his shoulders at a picture of Dizzy. "I ain't what I could wish myself to be," Mrs. Gummidge is saying. "My troubles has made me contrairy. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. I make the house uncomfortable, I don't wonder at it." "She's been thinking of the old 'un," muses Peggotty.

"Not so Bad, after All."

We have a hint of the *entente cordiale* of 1906, ten years ago, but then we called it *rapprochement*. Bull and La Belle are sitting on a seat fitted round the trunk of a tree, some distance apart. But Bull has his eye on the lady. "She's rather an attractive girl," he muses. "*Tiens*," murmurs La Belle, "*il n'est pas si mal, apres tout.*" One more famous Tenniel cartoon may be mentioned, for it will be well within the recollection of everybody. It was published in the March of 1900, in the midst of the war. The Boer (considerably damaged) is down on his knees, and Bull, his shirt-sleeves rolled up and his fists doubled, is standing over him in a will-you-have-some-more attitude. "I didn't like to mention it before," cries the Boer, holding out his hand, "but now that you've recovered your prestige, give me everything I want and all shall be forgiven.

LADIES ON THE TERRACE.

AN M.P'S REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSAL.

[*So great is the rush of ladies to the Terrace that a member who grumbles at the time (perhaps also at the expense) involved in conducting them, suggests that they should be admitted one day a week only, by ballot.*]

They are sometimes very pretty, and they come from east and west,
And they have a most seraphic time while decked out in their best;
But the way the darlings flutter,
Is quite utterly too utter,
And I wish they'd cease from troubling and give poor M.P.'s a rest.

They interfere with business in a way you'll understand,
For the Terrace is as crowded as the pavement of the Strand,
And no matter what you're doing,
Or the ideals you're pursuing,
You are forced to smile upon them and extend the welcome hand.

There's the mother with her daughters, and the girl who's lost her ma,
There's the catch of every season and the comic opera star;
And throughout each crowded session,
You must lead the vast procession,
And point out to all the party who the other fellows are.

When the cards come to the members there are many who blaspheme,
Although, beyond all question, it is rude in the extreme;
But no M.P.'s such a rash 'un
As to scorn the classic fashion,
By not asking all the ladies to the berries and the cream.

I rise, dear Mr. Speaker, with a cordial intent,
To ask if this is all there is to do in Parliament;
For although there be commotion,
At my rather novel notion,
I really don't believe it is the reason why we're sent.

So, despite all fret and fuming at my recklessness and cheek,
I've a duty to my country which demands that I should speak;
And in order that the nation,
May get on with legislation,
I shall move they come by ballot—and not more than once a week.

T. T. DEE.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

Joint Stock Companies.

We may have something to say on the report of the Company Law Amendment Committee on another occasion, but here we would direct attention to their opinion as to the value of the joint-stock system. There is so much ignorant criticism of joint-stock enterprise in these days that it is sometimes desirable to remind the public of its extent and value. The company system inaugurated by the Act of 1862, says the report, has given an immense stimulus to commercial enterprise. "Under this system British trade has widely developed, and the wealth of the community has been largely augmented. The number of companies now carrying on business under the Acts is more than 40,000. The capital embarked in the undertakings of these companies exceeds, according to the most recent Board of Trade return, £2,000,000,000." The area in which the companies operate is not limited to any particular country. The bulk of them carry on business in the United Kingdom, but many, including some of great magnitude, operate in India, the Colonies, and foreign countries. These companies, say the Committee, "include a large and increasing proportion of the business "concerns, both large and small, of the country, and "their debentures and debenture stocks aggregate some "hundreds of millions of pounds. The number of "persons interested, as shareholders, debenture-holders, "stock-holders, customers, creditors, and employees is "legion." Basing their opinion upon the personal experience of some members of the Committee—a Committee which had Mr. Warmington, K.C., as its chairman, and Mr. Gore-Brown, K.C., Sir Felix Schuster, Sir Edgar Speyer, Mr. G. S. Barnes, and other leading commercial men and experts amongst its members—the Committee say that they are satisfied that "the great majority of these companies are honestly "formed and conducted," and they are convinced of the beneficial operation of the present company system. No one competent to express an opinion is likely to dissent from this view of the matter, however clearly he may see certain abuses of the system, which, by the way, Parliament can largely lessen if, and when, it chooses to do so.

Australian Gold Thefts.

The *British Australasian* recently published a sensational statement made by its "special Mining "representative," who is understood to be the editor of the paper. This statement was made in the course of an interview at Kalgoorlie, and with much of it there will be general agreement. But not content with observations as to the character and prospects of leading mines in Western Australia, and the undoubted fact that there is a certain amount of gold stealing from the mines—as there is in all parts of the world where gold mines are worked—the correspondent proceeds to say that the loss from these thefts exceeds a million a year —in itself a very disputable proposition—and that—

> "Banks and Chambers of Mines, and even the Western "Australian branch of the Imperial Mint, are all more or "less responsible for what is going on. Anybody can "steal gold and sell it to the Perth Mint without incrimina- "ting questions being asked. The result is—and I say "it on the authority of the chief warden of the goldfields "and the local chief of police, and as the result of my own "investigations—that this institution (the Perth Mint) is "the biggest illicit buyer of gold in this State."

It is charitable to assume that the "Special Mining "Representative" meant to say that the Perth Mint is the biggest buyer of illicitly acquired gold, which is quite another matter. Naturally, if gold is stolen to the tune of a million sterling per annum, much of it is likely in one way or another to find its way to the Mint, but there is little to show that anything like this sum gets into the hands of illicit traffickers. Nor can the further statement of the "Special Mining Representative" that directors are indifferent be accepted without large qualification. Western Australia is noted for the excellent management of its leading mines, and one eminent mining firm of engineers has reduced general management there practically to an exact science. No good end is to be served by drawing highly coloured and sensational pictures of an evil which admittedly exists, but not, we think, to anything approaching the extent suggested by the "Special Mining Representative" of the *British Australasian*.

The Premier Mine.

In the Transvaal Budget statement, as telegraphed by Reuter, the Government's share of profit from the Premier mine is put at £100,000 less for the past year. What this mine means to the Transvaal Government may be gathered from a few figures. Accepting the estimate of a well-informed mining correspondent of the "Economist" as likely to be near the mark, the mine, as at present equipped, can work some 6,000,000 loads per annum. Taking the yield per load at 0.30 carat worth only 30s. per carat, and the cost of treatment at 2s. 3d. per load, the profit per load will be 6s. 9d., or, upon the 6,000,000 loads, £2,625,000. Of this, the Government share of 60 per cent. would be £1,215,000. If only the gold mines were under similar contributions! These mines are at the present time earning a net profit of between £7,000,000 and £8,000,000 a year, and in the past twelve months, the rate of profit has increased by £60,000 a month.

The Economic Thrift Society.

Our attention has been directed to this concern, which says its primary object "is to provide its members with "a means of co-operating with shopkeepers throughout "the kingdom, and so secure their betterment in old age, "and also at death ensure a sum of money payable to "their widows or nominees." Apparently a policy-holder can claim nothing until he has paid into the Society for at least thirty years.

We are informed that the founder and real manager of the Society is a person whose name does not appear on the papers before us—Arthur Sydney Bailey, who is associated in the same premises, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C., with "The Universal Exchange," and "Stuart, McArthur and Co." Our present concern is with the following statement, which appears on the front leaf of the "prospectus" of the Society:—

Committee of Management.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYVEDEN,
MR. GEORGE PITT-LEWIS, K.C., } *Trustees.*
CAPT. THE HON. SOUTHWELL FITZGERALD.

Can it really be that Lord Lyveden and Mr. Pitt-Lewis are trustees of this concern? Before saying anything more about it we await their reply.

At it Again.

In our issue of June 23rd reference was made to the Times Insurance Company, Limited, a disreputable concern now in liquidation. Our attention has since been directed to the Castle General Insurance Company, Limited, also now in liquidation. The moving spirit in the business was a rascal named Noel—John Beauchamp Noel—found by the Assistant Official Receiver to have committed fraud in relation to the Company's business. Associated with this individual, as directors of the Company, were the Rev. Sir W. Earle and Captain the Hon. W. S. Fitzgerald.

This man Noel is now in Finsbury Square, where he is running a concern known as the Credit Foncier, which is supposed to do foreign insurance business, and the Commercial Service, Limited. There he is associated with persons who were the founders of the British Loyal Insurance Company, and various other ventures, among them a "Bank," a gang who were exposed some three or four years ago, with the result that they had to put up their shutters. Two of them are gaol-birds.

HAVANA TELEPHONE COMPANY

ISSUE of 1,200,000 dols. (£246,250 0s. 0d.) FIVE per CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES.

Price of issue: 97 per cent.

Messrs. FREDK. J. BENSON & CO. are now offering, on behalf of the Company, the above 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures for Subscription.

TRUSTEES.
NATIONAL BANK OF CUBA, Havana.
PRUDENTIAL DEPOSIT TRUST, LIMITED, London.

SOLICITORS FOR TRUSTEES.
NORTON, ROSE, BARRINGTON, AND CO., 57½, Old Broad Street.

LONDON ADVISORY DIRECTORS.
LORD ELCHO, 62, Cadogan Square, S.W.
SIR JOHN ROLLESTON, Director, Rock Life Insurance.
CECIL A. GRENFELL, 6, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

DIRECTORS.
ROLAND R. CONKLIN, New York, President.
MANUAL DIAZ, former Secretary of State for Public Works of Cuba.
A. F. BLUNDELL, Havana, Managing Director.
EDMUND G. VAUGHAN (President National Bank of Cuba), Havana.
F. C. PREST, New York.

The Prospectus to which intending applicants are referred is dated 12th July, 1906, and contains particulars regarding security, borrowing powers, Sinking Fund, and other matters.

Applications will only be received upon the terms of the Prospectus, and upon the Form sent out therewith.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained of, and applications will be received by, the following Bankers:—

MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and
FREDK. J. BENSON & CO., 11 and 12, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.

Prospectuses and Application Forms may also be obtained from the following Brokers:—

LAING AND CRUICKSHANK; BOURKE, CUTHBERTSON AND CO.; BILLETT, CAMPBELL AND GRENFELL, and TOMKINSON AND PRICE (London); HORSFALL BROS. (Liverpool); F. W. BENTLEY AND CO. (Huddersfield and Leeds); and HILLMAN AND WOODCOCK (Bristol), or by telegram addressed to "Frebencate, London."

NEW ISSUES.

The HAVANA TELEPHONE COMPANY invites subscriptions for an issue of 1,200,000 dols. (£246,250) five per cent. first mortgage debentures at 97. The proceeds of this issue will be used to redeem a present outstanding indebtedness of 500,000 dols., carrying interest at 6 per cent., and to pay for new construction, etc. From the figures submitted there would seem to be ample security.

The DE MELLO BRAZILIAN RUBBER COMPANY, Limited, is brought before the public with a capital of £495,000, of which £175,000 participating cumulative preference shares of £1 each are offered to the public The company has been formed to acquire as a going concern an immense property on the River Acre, in Brazil. This property covers no less than 700,000 acres, and is said to carry "great quantities of rubber trees in full bearing, producing rubber of the finest quality, known on the market as Para." For this immense estate the UNITED INVESTMENT CORPORATION, Limited, who are the vendors, ask £317,500, they holding the option to purchase at £240,000, so that their profits are £77,500. The figures submitted in the prospectus, in proof that the property is worth the money asked for it, are puzzling. We are told that last year the estate produced 383 tons of rubber and made a net profit of £37,030. For the present year the production is estimated at 500 tons of rubber, and the original vendor, Mr. De Mello, estimates the net profit at £98,000, figures accepted by the company. But how is it, if 383 tons of rubber sold only gave a profit of £37,000, 500 tons are to give a profit of £96,000, prices showing no change? Messrs. W. B. Peat and Co., who give a certificate as to the profits of the past five years, say that the books and accounts, which are kept in Brazil, have not been examined by them. They are certified by a local accountant, and it would have been more satisfactory if some explanation had been given of the apparent discrepancy to which we have referred other than that which may be gathered from a letter of Mr. De Mello's, published in the prospectus, which says that he has worked on borrowed money for which he has had to pay very high interest.

LOVELL AND CHRISTMAS, Limited, having amalgamated with GEORGE WALL AND CO., want more capital, and offer 30,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each at £5 10s. The particulars as to net profits are less full than is desirable, but there would seem to be a ample margin to cover the present issue. If a multiplicity of directors makes for success, LOVELL AND CHRISTMAS. Limited, should be among the most flourishing of concerns. It has thirteen.

INQUIRIES.

AMERICAN INSURANCE OFFICES.—J. L. (Bristol).—Why go to an American office? The new law to which you refer is not likely to mend matters. State supervision, so far as law can give it, has never been lacking. It is State supervisors who have been at fault.

TWO MINING SHARES.—WARGRAVE (Mill Hill).—We do not think you will gain much from holding either.

KLERKSDORP.—REPUBLIQUE (Llangollen).—Much the contrary.

ADVERTISEMENT FRAUDS.—F. O. (Canonbury Square).—Of course if the money lenders told you they would lend you the £10 for the purpose of inducing you to pay a fee of 3s., and afterwards went back upon their undertaking their conduct is indefensible, but our sympathy with you is only lukewarm. We notice that these people say in the advertisement you send us that they are ready to lend "immediately" from £10 to £2,000 "on note of hand alone," and to emphasize it they add "no sureties." They lend, too, to "tradesmen, clergy, doctors, clerks." We gather from your letter that you are a clerk. You must be a very simple one if you think money lenders will make you loans without security of any sort. We note, by the way, that you were distincly informed that an inquiry fee would be charged.

TWO SHARES.—REX (Liverpool).—It is a bad time to sell just now. We should hold and keep an eye on quotations with the object of getting out on any substantial improvement.

A BANK AND A BETTING SCANDAL.—W. A. (Birkenhead).—We can see no good purpose to be served by giving publicity to the facts to which you refer.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—R. W. (Keighley).—Have nothing to do with these marginal investments.

BANK AND DRUGS.—W. B. (Treeton).—(1) The "Bank" is a money lending concern, but it has been doing business for many years, and we know nothing against it. (2) We think the shares in the drug company worth the present quotation, but not more.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

V.—MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

The Court being assembled, the keeper was commanded to set the prisoner at the bar. James Keir Hardie was brought there accordingly.

Court: You that are the prisoner at the bar, if you desire pen, ink, and paper, you shall have it. And if you will challenge any of the jury, you may, when they come to be sworn, and that before they are sworn.

The Right Honourable John Burns, the Right Honourable Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Right Honourable Herbert Henry Asquith, and the Right Honourable Sir Edward Grey, Baronet, were severally excepted against by the prisoner.

Court: Mr. Hardie, you know the law. You must say, I challenge him.

Hardie: I shall, sir.

Mr. Justice Grantham was next called, and, being very sick, humbly prayed to be excused by the Court, which was granted. Here the people seemed to laugh, and Mr. Justice Grantham wept bitterly.

Henry Vivian was next called.

Hardie: I do not know him.

Henry Vivian: Nor I you, Mr. Hardie.

He was sworn.

At length they were called over, who were admitted—viz., Richard Bell, Fred Maddison, George Wyndham, Gerald Balfour, Frank Harris, Sir Thomas Lipton, Cyril Arthur Pearson, Henry Vivian, Thomas William Hartebeest Crosland, Robert Standish Sievier, Samuel Barnato Joel, and Harold Begbie—and sworn.

Court: Gentlemen that are not of the jury, pray clear the passage. The prisoner is here for life and death. Let him have liberty to see the jury.

Clerk: James Keir Hardie, hold up thy hand. Look upon the prisoner, you that are sworn. You shall understand that the prisoner at the bar stands indicted by the name of James Keir Hardie, of Cumnock, in the kingdom of Scotland, a retired miner, for that he, not having the fear of God before his eyes and being instigated by the Devil, did maliciously, treasonably, contrary to his due allegiance and bounden duty, instigate, succour, and encourage the King's enemies. Herein he has pleaded not guilty. If you find that he is guilty, you shall inquire what goods and chattels he had at the time of committing the said treason. If you find that he is not guilty, you shall inquire whether he did fly for it. Now take heed to your evidence.

Mr. Solicitor-General enforced the charge at large.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was called and sworn. He averred that the prisoner had worked in the mines some thirty years ago, but had never worked since.

Prisoner's Counsel: What work have you done yourself?

Chamberlain: I have worked at a bench when I was a young man.

Counsel: And never since?

Chamberlain: Yes, in other ways, for the good of the Empire.

Counsel: The prisoner may say the same.

Chamberlain: He can say anything.

Court: What you have said, you have said.

Mrs. Dora Montefiore was then called and sworn. She stated that the prisoner had put himself forward as a champion of female suffrage, but had not attended when her chattels were sold on distraint for non-payment of taxes. He was very loud in his expressions of sympathy, but appeared to prefer the aspirations of negroes to the desires of white women. Indeed, she believed that the prisoner had damaged her cause by his advocacy.

Mr. Smith, Member of Parliament, was called and sworn. He accused the prisoner of having made the Government his wash-pot. It was, he believed, the only wash-pot the prisoner ever used.

Court: Mr. Smith, you are only to testify those things which you have verified by your own personal knowledge.

Smith: My Lord, I have verified it by the evidence of my senses.

Court: No, no. That is but hearsay evidence.

Smith: My Lord, I humbly submit that it is also olfactory evidence.

Court: That will not do.

Mr. Labouchere was sworn, and said that a number of idle and disorderly women had been incited by the prisoner to commit a breach of the peace. In his opinion it would be necessary, if female suffrage were accepted, to follow it up with childhood and doghood suffrage.

Further evidence having been taken, the Clerk put in a file of the *Labour Leader*, and a letter which the prisoner wrote to one Bankole Bright, a native of Africa. Counsel was heard for the defence, and the jury found the prisoner guilty, without leaving the box.

SENTENCE.

Mr. Justice Bull: James Keir Hardie, you that are the prisoner at the bar, hold up your hand. It was impossible for the jury to arrive at any other verdict. Your letter to Bankholiday Bright was alone sufficient to convict you of hostility to your native land, while the manner and moment chosen for expressing that hostility were an aggravation of your offence. When Blacks are in open rebellion against Whites, even the foolish words of an obscure person like yourself can work incalculable mischief. The insurgents will be told that they have the good wishes of a Member of Parliament; nay, even of a party leader, and their knowledge of British politics will not suffice to enlighten them as to your insignificance. Seeing also that the Whites in South Africa are a minority, and that remote settlers are often at the mercy of neighbouring tribesmen, your encouragement may contribute to the murder and mutilation of your fellow-subjects. You would therefore have no cause for complaint if I passed upon you the extreme sentence of the law.

I have, however, to take the state of your mind into consideration. You reveal a lack of mental balance which any alienist would set down as disease. Your whole career has been one of vulgar advertisement. You have lived in an atmosphere of blaring bands and pestilent processions and outdoor oratory and contemptible claptrap. The low journal which you edit advertises post-cards with your portrait in an "historic cloth cap." Why should the headgear of a creature like yourself possess any claim to a share in history? Perhaps you puffed yourself up to the belief that your violation of tradition in the matter of costume would set a fashion. But the House took as little heed of your fool's cap as it did of the swollen head beneath which it rested.

Vanity breeds vexation of spirit, and you have certainly vexed many spirits. You have devoted your life to setting class against class, and now you are endeavouring to set sex against sex. I see no reason why taxpayers should be debarred from the privileges of citizenship, but you have mistaken the age, and failed to understand that rights are not to be obtained by riots. As a great statesman has said, "We will not be henpecked."

You have been found guilty of treachery to Whites and Women. I fear you are also guilty of treachery to Labour. All of us are anxious to do justice to Labour, to give a share in the blessings of civilisation to those whose toil has made civilisation possible. But your organisation, your doles of £200 a year, your intolerance of wit and industry and learning, have created a factitious heresy which can only retard the inevitable supremacy of the toilers.

The sentence of the Court is and the Court doth award that you be sent back to the mines, whence you came—and do some work.

THE WOODEN HEADS OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE BRITISH NAVY—(*continued*).

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JUNR.

Now that we have decided for swordfishes as against whales, for many small agile battleships and torpedoes and submarines as against leviathan battleships and leviathan cruisers; in fact, for the old English tradition of Drake and Hawkins as against the foolish Spanish tradition of monsters and armadas, let us ask ourselves whether the "Handy man" is really as perfect as national self-love imagines, or whether his efficiency, too, may not be enormously increased.

The Handy Man and His Treatment.

And, first of all, whether our British tar is the best in the world or not, it is certain that we should increase his numbers rather than keep on adding ship to ship; for a living faith must be in the man and not in the instrument. Then, too, Jack Tar should be better fed than he is now. He should get a good supper about eight in the evening, instead of going hungry to bed, having eaten his last meal at four in the afternoon. He might be better clothed, too; his trousers are ludicrous—tight where they should be loose, loose where they should be tight—and the bare neck is better suited to the tropics than to our foggy climate. Our numerous little land-wars have forced us to try and clothe our soldiers properly, but no sea-lord has yet insisted upon khaki for our bluejackets; yet the sailor's life is far more valuable to the State than that of the soldier, for he takes three times as long to train.

But the sea-lords, as this little instance shows, and as we are likely some day to find to our cost, believe rather in show than efficiency; they would shiver with disgust at the idea of sailors dressed to offer as inconspicuous a target as possible.

But suppose these little reforms are carried out, are our bluejackets really deserving of their reputation? Well, my belief is, that though they are good men, they are enormously—nay, dangerously—over-estimated. When Britons think of sea-battles they think of the Nile and Trafalgar, and not of the prolonged duel between Grasse and Rodney, or of the way Suffren held the Indian Ocean against us for years. Yet it is perfectly well-known that the victories of Nelson were chiefly due to the fact that the French Navy had been absolutely disorganised by the Revolution. The French Navy has always been officered by the aristocracy, and during the Revolution the ci-devants on board ship suffered as surely as their peers in Paris prisons. Indeed, the guillotine found a richer harvest in Toulon and Marseilles than in Paris in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The consequence was that the French fleets which opposed Nelson were officered by men who did not know their work and were therefore easily beaten.

I remember a French Admiral putting the whole matter rather well. I was on board his flagship in the Mediterranean, and like many educated Frenchmen, he took pleasure in displaying his perfect reasonableness.

The French Superiority.

"Before the Revolution," he said, "your Admirals found us worthy antagonists. Even then, however, you won the majority of sea-fights—by a small margin, it is true, but still you won them. Your sailors were perhaps five per cent. better than ours. And the reason is obvious; you have a longer coast-line than we have, and a coast-line exposed to worse weather. The consequence is you have more sailors and better than we have. Only the men on our north coast are as good as yours—the Bretons, you know. But even in the old days our ships were better than yours; faster sailers and better sea boats—that you will concede.

"Now, in the sea-fights of the future, in my opinion, the chief factor will not be the sailor, but the engineer, and as engineers I think we are superior to you, if you will forgive my saying so. Our railway engines, for instance, are faster and better than yours. It is our intelligence against your seamanship."

Nearly every French officer with whom I talked took the same view—that intelligence and scientific knowledge had become more important and seamanship less important—and all drew happy auguries from this fact. Take one example: Said a Commander to me:

"You still send your cadets to sea before they are fourteen. Now, that was all very well when seamanship was the one thing needful—it took ten years to make a good sailor in an old three-decker—but now that intelligence is more important than seamanship I prefer our system, which consists in giving the would-be naval officer a thorough all-round education and sending him aboard as *enseigne de vaisseau* three or four years older than your midshipman." The younger officers all complained of their building programme; too many big battleships, they said, and too few torpedo-boats and submarines. One, greatly daring, said, that if he could he would order a hundred submarines at once.

I give all this simply to show that, while there is no desire abroad to minimise the qualities of our bluejackets, there is a general feeling that neither Jack Tar nor his officer will be so successful in the future.

The American the Best Seaman.

But even in the past the British sailor was almost always beaten by one foe, and it is surely advisable for us to study every detail of these encounters. The American Navy came into being during the War of Independence. The revolting Colonists were under many disadvantages; they had to build ships and forge cannon for the first time, and their only models were British. Yet before the end of the war their ships more than held their own with the British; in the last two years of the war three out of every four contests between equal forces resulted in favour of the Americans, and one of their captains, John Paul Jones, was incontestably the hero of the war.

American Markmanship.

But the war of 1812-14 was far more decisive; dozens of conflicts took place, and in every instance the American was victorious, with the solitary exception of the fight between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake"—the only one which seems to be remembered in England. Yet the lesson drawn from this battle in the United States is anything but shameful. The "Chesapeake" had over 200 of her men sick in hospital; and yet, so confident was her captain, that he accepted the challenge of the "Shannon" and went forth to fight with half his crew. And had the battle been one of long bowls there can be but little doubt that the American would have won; but as soon as Broke found out how severe the American fire was he ran the "Chesapeake" aboard, and fought the quarrel out hand to hand, when the vastly greater number of his men gave him the victory. Properly understood, this fight between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake" only emphasises the true moral to be drawn from the fifty fights which resulted differently. It was admitted on all hands that American guns and American marksmanship were as superior to British guns and British marksmanship on sea as on land. At New Orleans the pick of the British Peninsular veterans were beaten in an hour by a farmer force of half their numbers, and the same superiority had the same result on sea. Indeed, the explanation of the American Naval superiority is even simpler: they had rifled guns while the British were using the old smooth-bores and they had sights thirty years before the British had adopted them.

The great British defeat at sea was due to stupid conservatism and want of brains; the "Handy man" and his officer were not as intelligent as the American—did not grasp the essential as quickly and surely as the American. And yet the American in those days was simply the Englishman transplanted, the Englishman without his hereditary aristocracy which always and everywhere makes for the status quo and inefficiency.

Too Much Drill; Too Little Initiative.

And even to-day the same self-complacency and inefficience are to be seen in nearly all our ships. The men are drilled perfectly to stand in line and show off with ties perfectly knotted and every button in order, but more hours even to-day are given to cutless drill than to rifle practice, and tenfold more time is spent on cleaning decks and brass-work than in practice with the guns and torpedoes.

There is no use in making illusions to ourselves: the British captain who hated gun-practice because it made his ship look like a collier, be Gad, flourishes still. Two little facts speak volumes for the efficiency of our sailors; it is a German ship and not a British ship which holds the record for coaling at sea, and American sailors, it is admitted on all hands, still shoot far better than British sailors. Here is another straw which shows how the wind blows. The British are the best oarsmen in the world; every year the College crews at Henley beat the best that can be brought against them; but look at the rowing of our sailors. It is disgracefully bad: the old cutter stroke with its jerk at the end, all show off, the rowing is done with the arms and not with the back, no quick catch of the water—nothing. German sailors and Russian sailors row just as well or as badly as was seen at Dulcigno and elsewhere. Match, I will not say a Leander or a crack Varsity crew, but an ordinary College eight against the best crew in His Majesty's Navy, and the boys will beat the sailors half a mile in four miles. Is it only in sport that we can show brains?

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

"A Girl of Resource." By Eyre Hussey. (Longmans.)

There is no table of chapters in this book, nothing indeed, except a table of contents—part one, part two, part three. Now, this is apt to make a reviewer angry, because it puts him to endless trouble to find the passages he wishes to talk about; besides, I wanted to review this book very carefully.

For the name on the cover is surely the same as that of the famous land-agent who some twenty years ago carried his life in his hands while collecting rents in the South of Ireland, and became noted for imperturbable courage and good humour. I remember meeting Mr. Hussey in those days and being introduced to him by Mr. Froude, the historian, who was a hero-worshipper by trade. Mr. Froude spoke of him with intense admiration. Mr. Hussey then seemed to me about fifty years of age; if this is not the same man, it may be his son. In any case, the name was a recommendation to me, so I took up the book eagerly to see how it was written. The Mr. Hussey I knew used to tell a good story with a considerable amount of dry humour.

Even after reading the book I cannot say whether it is the same man or not; but there are likenesses between the writer of this book and Mr. Froude's friend; both have evidently the same love of the open-air and sport; the careless, happy-go-lucky, superficial outlook on life, too, is the same. I wish I could praise the book without qualification; but the critic has a conscience, and I must say that the story is thin, and wanders from episode to episode as life sometimes wanders, irrelevantly. Some remarks made by one of the characters, a Mrs. Delmers, show one pretty clearly, I think, the author's feeling. She says to the heroine: "Do you know, my dear, I have always had a sneaking liking for Esau. He was one of Nature's gentlemen, manly, brave, a sportsman, and—not a bit of a Jew; Jacob, on the other hand, I always picture coming in to see his poor old father with three hats on; but I suppose there was something good about him which I don't understand—anyway, he got both the birthright and the blessing. I can't get over the difficulty that Esau threw away his chance by being impulsive, not stopping to weigh consequences, and selling his prospects for a mess of pottage." This is Mr. Hussey's philosophy of life in a nutshell; and as it is shared by many millions in these islands, "A Girl of Resource" may become popular.

I might end my criticism here, but the book has interested me for another reason; it shows how very much alike are the experiences of the ordinary man and the experiences of the man of genius. Mr. Hussey's heroine is unconventional sometimes in unimportant matters; she dresses in man's clothes; sits astride a pony and practises polo, with a groom as on-looker. The lover, who afterwards marries her (himself a sort of Esau), happens to catch her at this game and doesn't recognise her, but comes to the conclusion that "the youth in the tweed suit and Newmarket boots is a smart horseman; the firm seat, the light hands, and the agile movement of the body from side to side are not to be mistaken." Now, Goethe has given us almost the same experience in the "Lehrjahre." The girl whom Wilhelm loves is an actress, and comes into the room to him dressed in man's clothes; for a moment he doesn't know her, and then every nerve thrills with recognition of her and of the saucy way her beauty is set off by the form-revealing dress. He catches her in his arms and kisses her with passionate eagerness.

I read the passage thirty years ago, and yet it is with me to-day, as clearly as when I read it—one of the unforgettable passages in the world's literature; and when I asked myself why I remembered the Goethe scene and took little or no interest in Mr. Hussey's scene, I saw that it was because Goethe had realised the scene, had given us the thrill of passion that he himself felt, whereas this hero of Mr. Hussey's is not thrilled at all; indeed, is a little put out and vexed because his lady-love is so contemptuous of the conventions, which simply means that Mr. Hussey may be an excellent land-agent, but was not intended by God to be a writer.

But this book the papers will all praise as a "clean" book, meaning by that, not a healthy book, of generous desires, and passionate ambitions and hot impulses, but a book in which there is little or no desire of the eye—no lust of the flesh—that is "a clean book" to this people whose greatest novel as yet is perhaps "Robinson Crusoe," which is the story of a life without any love interest whatever, as we all know, and therefore pre-eminently clean!

AMONG THE THEATRES.

By Frank Harris.

The Empire.

The entertainment at the "Empire" indeed leaves much to be desired. There were two idiotic ballets, which took up three-fifths of the programme, and the other part of the show was simply wearisome—with the exception of the biograph pictures of the great French motor race and the river at Maidenhead, and this "turn" was nothing above the ordinary. But one may say, "If you don't love dancing, why go to the 'Empire'?" The point is that I do love dancing. I went dozens and dozens of times to see Kate Vaughan dance, dozens and dozens of times to see Letty Lind dance; but I hate ballet-dancing, that pirouetting about on the toes, which is the very antithesis of graceful movement. Really, the ballet dancer in full fig with the limelight upon her is about as ugly a thing as there is in the world: the hideously over-developed calves, the skinny arms and shoulders, the short skirts, the tulle drawers, the top-like figure, and the painted face, are all to me horrible, and when after spinning about the stage, and whirling till I get giddy, the creature curtsies, demanding applause, I begin to ask myself who has paid me to sit there and witness such a spectacle.

Dancing as an Art.

But nothing pleases me more than to see pretty girls in pretty frocks (and they should not be too long), dancing gracefully to tuneful music, and taller girls here and there in tights, to add piquancy to the scene. I am perfectly indifferent to any story told in dumb show or pantomime; the kaleidoscopic beauty of the scene is enough; and if the girls are pretty or graceful, and the dance music is gay, I am delighted. I should not think it would be difficult to get a Letty Lind or a Kate Vaughan every five years or so, and I am certain that one dancer like Sylvia Gray or Letty Lind or Kate Vaughan would make the fortune of "The Empire" for a dozen years to come.

The Man from Blankleys.

Here is another old favourite: Mr. Anstey's farce really seems to draw as well as "The Geisha." The other day I said in these columns, talking of Monsieur Chevalier, that low comedy was the essentially English form of art, and the success of "The Man from Blankley's" corroborates this view; for the characters in this play are all low-comedy characters: Mr. Gilwattle, Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Bodfish; in fact, the whole house of Tidmarsh and their friends belong to caricature. And how excellently all the parts were played! Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh—Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Miss Fanny Brough—were both excellent, super-excellent; pictures taken from life, and made up of infinite touches. Mr. Gilwattle, a study by Mr. Henry Kemble of the first order; but even the smallest parts were superbly played; Mr. Poffley, Miss Bugle—beyond imagination perfect.

No play like this "Man from Blankley's" is to be seen in any European country except England, for there are no actors who could play it as our English actors do. I do not mean by that that there is high merit in the writing of the play. Frankly, there is little or no merit in it. Mr. Anstey sees the dulness of the middle-class and their entertainments; but his aristocracy is on the same level: Lord Strathpeffer can only amuse the dinner-table by stupid riddles and farcical anecdotes; there is no touch of high humour or wit in Mr. Anstey. Without the marvellous "make-ups" and the marvellous acting, the play would be seen in its true light as a wretchedly poor farce; it is saved by the acting—or, rather, it is made by the acting.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, I was delighted to see, played his part as well as ever, with inimitable quietude suggesting reserves of humour and character. Altogether, I passed a delightful evening at the Haymarket; but beside me in the stalls sat a couple quite as comical as anything to be seen on the stage. A woman of fifty odd, with a high thin Roman nose and skinny shoulders—a picture of intense propriety, who stared at me through her lorgnette in indignant amazement that I should dare to laugh outright, or enjoy myself openly while her parchment face kept its pinched look of middle-class disapproval, and her husband, with a long, heavy horse-face and pursed-out lips of sour disapprobation, looking like a caricature of the late Matthew Arnold, the caricature of a butler in a good house—an eminently respectable butler, who has got a liver, enlarged and indurated, and no trace of humour. She sniffed and he snorted all through the play, while I was perpetually on the point of begging them to join the dinner-party; they would have brought down the house.

BARBAROUS BOHEMIANS.

By Jim Crow.

Scribes and Pharisees never tire of tirades against "the idle rich," sneers at suburbs, or gratuitous advice to the improvident poor. But there is one class which always goes scot free, presumably because most of the scribes belong to it. I allude to those idle, dissolute, beery, bumptious, dirty, vulgar persons, commonly called Bohemians.

Bohemians derive their name from the French for gipsy, but they are not nomadic, except such of them as are hired out to perform on provincial stages. They have the predatory instincts, but not the dignity of real gipsies. Whence they came, no man knoweth. Suddenly do they appear and come to a fearful end. The most respectable families breed them, feed them, submit to be robbed by them, and finally cast them out. They herd together, because no one else will receive them, but they do not love one another, nor are they tolerant of the shortcomings of their kind. The main factors in their formation are shiftlessness, stupor, and vanity. Excessive philoprogenitiveness and distorted views on property are also contributory to their condition.

The journey to Bohemia is downhill all the way. Sure passports thither are financial losses, fusel whisky, water on the brain, and incompatibility of temper. There is no change on the way, or on arrival—nothing but deadly monotony.

The Kingdom of Bohemia is bounded on the north by St. John's Wood, on the east by Grub Street, on the south by the River Thames, and on the west by Chelsea.

The population consists of mummers, painters, critics, sculptors, scribblers, Socialists, and other people's wives.

Their costume consists of blue serge, red ties, and wide-awake hats for the males; loose linen and Jaeger for the females; frowsy fancy dress for their young.

Their diet is restricted to pipes, small ale, kippers, shrimps, potted meats, bread and butter, eels, and other garbage.

They frequent piers, bars, music-halls, the Savage Club, the Fabian Society, the river, and the pit.

They have no religion, and consider themselves exempt from obedience to any moral code. If they covet a neighbour's wife, they take her.

They neither shave nor wash, but despise those who do.

They are always in debt, not only to their tradesmen, but to their friends. They have reduced cadging to a fine art—the only art they really understand.

They sleep during the day, like moths, and only emerge at night.

They have neither humour, nor honesty, nor honour.

They mistake noise for merriment, rudeness for wit, impudicity for independence.

Their organs in the Press are the *Sporting Times*, the *Referee*, the *Pelican*.

Though they have been established in England ever since the days of Goldsmith and Steele, they have never become really naturalised. Many of them are Hebrews, Teutons, Greeks (in one sense of the term), and other denizens of a meretricious Mesopotamia. All remain aliens, at least in sentiment. They prefer every other country to their own, rejoice inly over national disasters, and regard Paris as their Mecca. This is odd, because British Bohemia is entirely different from the vie de Bohème. Your man of the Latin quarter is squalid and offensive in his own way, but at least he has a light heart and a pretty wit.

Bohemians speak no language, not even their own. They indulge for the most part in grunts, and they exchange thoughts by means of senseless catchwords. Their usual greeting is "wotto"; their females are known as "pastry," their young as "kiddies"; their word for gentleman is "toff"; their only adjective is a synonym for sanguinary.

They either inhabit garrets, or cause their dwellings to resemble garrets. Furniture is neither dusted nor mended. Food is ill-cooked or imported from a cook-shop. It is consumed hurriedly and at irregular intervals. Table-cloths are rarely used, and I often wonder why they do not eat off the floor, like other brutes.

One explanation of their manners is to be found in their hatred of ceremony. The ordinary amenities of life are in their eyes an affectation. They are incapable of understanding politeness, which they consider a sign of weakness.

They do not take exercise themselves but they are assiduous spectators of the diversions of others. Nor is there anywhere a sharper critic than they. At a cricket match you may hear them deriding an unsuccessful performer with all the assurance of an expert. They are highly demonstrative when they watch football, arrogantly argumentative about racing, though they can scarcely distinguish a hoof from a fetlock.

THE ABYSSINIAN APPLE-CART

By Herbert Vivian.

Whatsoever Government may be in power, the Foreign Office contrives to make gratuitous gifts to our rivals. The French, being the prime obstacle to our advantage in Africa, have now received another concession, for which the moment is peculiarly inopportune.

With great skill and energy, Sir John Harrington has made British influence paramount in Abyssinia. It is specially necessary to maintain that influence now that the health of the Negus gives ground for alarm, and the possibilities of the succession give ground for still greater alarm. This is the occasion seized by the colourless Grey for undoing Sir John's work, and reviving the danger of French intrigue.

That intrigue began with the absurd colony at Obock, which controlled nothing and did not even afford a decent coaling-station. Thence the French crossed the bay to establish themselves at Jibuti, which has a decent harbour, and now contains imposing buildings. Their next step was to begin the construction of a railway towards Addis Ababa. This was encouraged by Menelik, who welcomed the facility of importing arms, but when the line approached Harrar, he began to fear the possibility of invasion. He therefore impeded progress by various means, wherein the Abyssinians are experts.

British influence was also against a railway, which would impoverish British Somaliland, snatch a great part of the trade of Aden, and diminish our prestige in East Africa. Local circumstances were also hostile. The tribes on the route, foreseeing that their occupation as carriers and camel-men will be gone, occupy themselves in tearing up the line, shooting engineers, and making a settled traffic impossible. And, after Harrar, the engineering difficulties will be so enormous that immense sums would be required to reach the capital.

Moreover, the railway can never be a commercial success. Even at its present figure, the trade of Harrar is insufficient to insure a dividend, and that trade has now passed its zenith. Every year it is being diverted into other directions. All the important Abyssinian merchants have already begun to take the route by Gallabat, which will some day be the junction of the railway along the Blue Nile from Khartoum. The Kassala-Suakim railway will also divert trade, and Harrar will only traffic with the immediate vicinity.

All this has, of course, been very well known to the French from the outset. But they desire a strategic, not a commercial line. In the first place, they would arm Menelik as a possible menace to the occupiers of Egypt. It will be remembered that, at the time of Fashoda, they flattered themselves that he was on the point of sending an army to support Marchand. No doubt they pretend to have relinquished their Egyptian ambitions, but history does not inspire a belief in their sincerity.

In any case it will be regrettable if we abdicate our right to develop our interests. It is important to hurry on our railways into Abyssinia from the west, and construct a line from Berbera to Jigjiga, so as to tap all the rich tracts to the south of Addis Ababa.

The French ought never to have been allowed in. As it is, we must either buy them out or wait for the explosion of the entente cordiale bubble and drive them out.

JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

SIR,—

Our series of "Open Letters" would be obviously incomplete if by oversight you were omitted from the list. We confess that we had almost overlooked you. But we were "rummaging" over the papers on our desk, and came upon this "block"—that is the technical term for it, and it is a most appropriate one in your case. There you stand, in your own inimitable attitude of transcendent, yet condescending superiority, "blocking" public business—blocking it not by means of any special mastery of procedure, or of ability, or ingenuity, but surely by virtue of a pachydermatous pugnacity, and of a grotesquely exaggerated conception of your own greatness.

You will not realise that you are dead. You died in January last, at East Manchester, from acute Fiscalitis, contracted at West Birmingham (accelerated by general constitutional weakness). Always, in life, of an ethereal order, you are now a mere phantom, flitting aimlessly about your old haunts, the scenes of your past humiliations.

As we sit and look at you, we find ourselves always and always asking this same question: "How did he ever come to possess any power in Parliament?"

Weak, vacillating—a languid Scot, without reverence, sentiment, or humour—ye gods! it makes us tremble for our country when such an one can become its Prime Minister and control its fate! What has been the result of it all?

Conscious of your own impotence, you elected to place your destinies, and that of your fellow subjects, at the mercy of a political adventurer. You permitted him to plunge us into a disastrous war, from which we may not recover during a generation, to squander the national resources with cynical recklessness, to attempt to lay hands on the bread of the poor. You must have sinned here with your eyes open, for you had the advantage of a good education, and we refuse to believe that you were stupid enough to believe in him.

We know you struggled in the clutches of your taskmaster. There was no dignity in your contortions, no sincerity in your evasions, no honesty in your legerdemain. Still, you did wriggle, you piped in a tremulous treble that you "meant to lead," and for a while you contrived to be rid of your quack, though his son remained to keep the bag and maintain discipline. Then we were confronted with the spectacle of the weakest ministry of modern times, a fortuitous conjunction of miserable atoms, among whom you contrived to shine by contrast. You established the golden rule of promotion by failure; you preferred cheap Consols to cheap bread; you sought to silence your critics by clamour; you evaded every argument, and split straws until nothing remained save coarse chaff; you became a byword for insincerity, and the adjective "Balfourian" was widely accepted as an appropriate synonym for disingenuous.

Vowing you still commanded the confidence of the country, you fell far and fatally; your ministry perished "unhouselled, disappointed, unaneled." But instead of profiting by the lesson, you swallowed your few remaining convictions, and toed the line to your tyrant. Your character was proved to be as unsettled as your open mind was empty. The brief candle of your career flickered out. Men hoped that they had heard the last of a sorry wight. Now, however, you have climbed into the House by a back door, and precious public time is again being wasted by your efforts to gratify your vanity. Indeed, you are aggravating your former offence by an evident effort to repeat it.

Your vanity, more than aught else, has been your undoing. For ever adopting a contemptuous attitude, you soon succeeded in making yourself contemptible. Pretending not to read the papers, professing utter indifference to the opinions as well as to the feelings of others, you clambered on to a pedestal, and were admired by old women of both sexes as quite a little tin god. But the more conspicuous you were, the more ridiculous you appeared. In a fierce light you scarcely served to scare crows.

Like all vain persons, you have a terribly thin skin. While permitting yourself an exuberance of vituperation, you shriek if the tiniest dart pierces you. Once upon a time you were content to dismiss criticism of yourself as bad taste, merely yawning when Irishmen called you base, brutal, and bloody. It was almost high treason to expose your fallacies, rank blasphemy to discuss your tergiversations. Your intolerance grew with your weakness, your peevishness with advancing years.

Let us glance for a moment at your career whilst Chief Secretary for Ireland. You ruled as a despot over the liveliest, most affectionate, and most deeply religious race in the world. Massacres, evictions, trumpery prosecutions and persecutions were almost every-day occurrences, wherein you appeared to take a malevolent delight. Your friends summed you up as "brave Mr. Balfour," but the Irish found the more appropriate phrase, "A Cromwell in plaster of Paris."

You shattered the health of many an Irish member with the rigours of imprisonment; Peggy Dillon, the midwife, you traduced in Parliament and feared to meet in the Law Courts; an old woman of seventy, and bright little Biddy Hunt, the child of twelve, you incarcerated for intimidating the police; many men you punished for the terrible crime of "booing Balfour"; and one unfortunate fellow you fined for insulting his donkey by apostrophising it with your name.

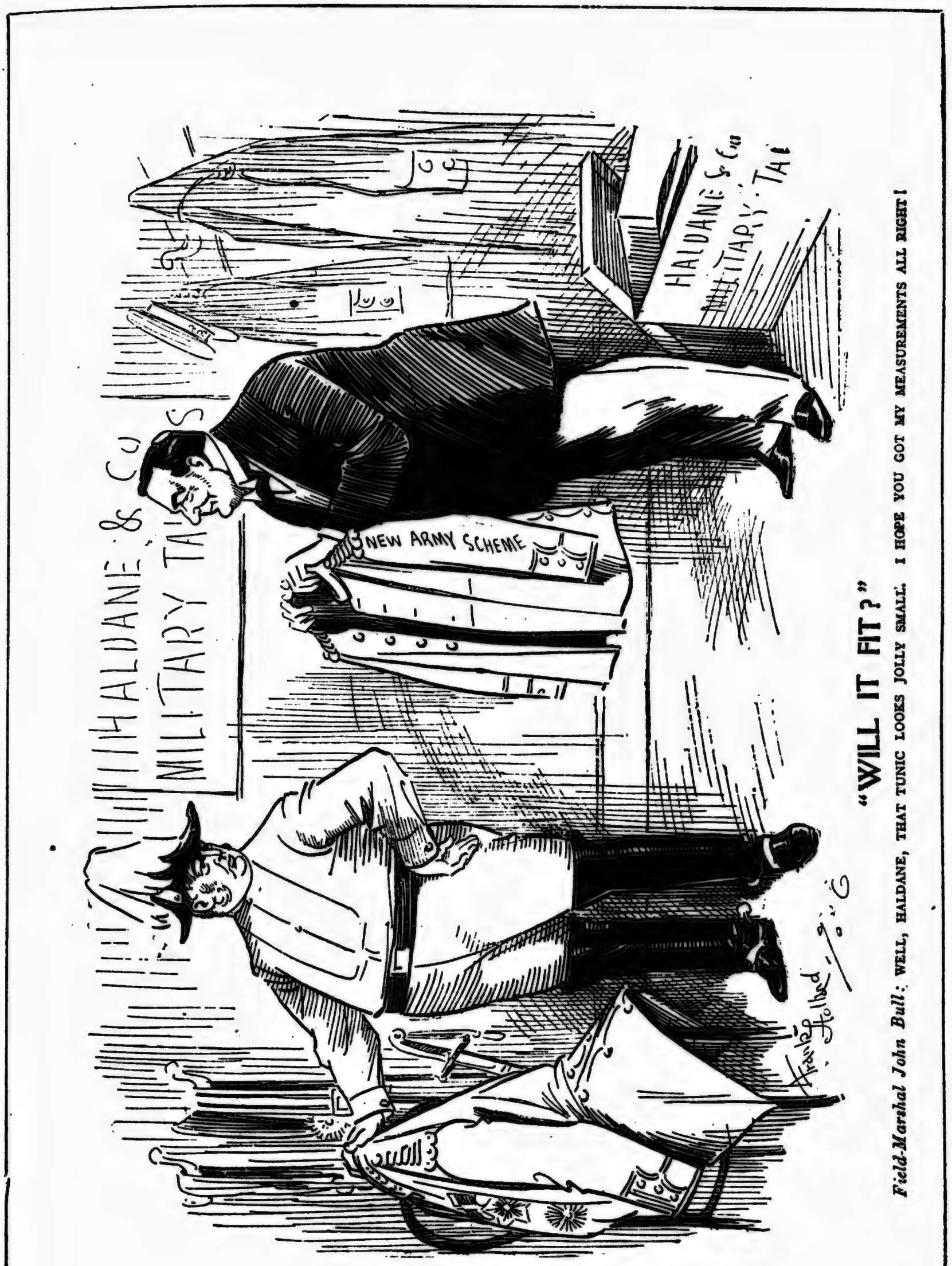
A word as to your character. It was once fashionable to laud you as the embodiment of chivalry. Some of us, who knew you, smiled at the illusion. No one indulges it to-day. What about poor old Alexander Lumsden, aged eighty, the rack-rented tenant, whom, after forty years, you evicted and sent, ruined and broken-hearted, to the workhouse? What of your treatment of your political benefactor, Lord Randolph Churchill, and your spiteful malevolence towards his brilliant son?

Sir, you are found out. You have been weighed in the scale and found wanting—wanting in strength, in sincerity, in manhood, in all that goes to make the leader. Your return to the arena of political combat is universally voted a public nuisance. Has any other Leader of the Opposition ever been told by the Prime Minister to desist from fooling? In no part of the House are you less wanted than in the corner where your party sits—and where it will continue to sit so long as you oppress it with your sleepy, slimy, slippery, and subtle simulations.

How Joseph must smile inwardly when he calls you "My leader"!

Yours truly,

JOHN BULL.



"WILL IT FIT?"

Field-Marshal John Bull: WELL, HALDANE, THAT TUNIC LOOKS JOLLY SMALL. I HOPE YOU GOT MY MEASUREMENTS ALL RIGHT!

MY INSURANCE AGENT.

By James Barratt.

He was a funny, nervous, weakly-looking little specimen of undeveloped manhood, and I was surprised when, with a deprecatory, apologetic kind of wriggle, he slipped into the seat opposite mine at the little local restaurant. He looked as if it would require the courage of desperation on his part to say "bo" to the proverbial goose, and I wondered what superior force impelled him to obtrude himself on his fellow man when nature had so obviously designed him for solitude at one of the vacant tables around. Although his attire showed efforts to be genteel, he really scarcely appeared to be worth the coppers necessary for the cup of tea he ordered.

Several times he opened his mouth as if to speak, blushed furiously, then shut it again without making a sound.

I waited, interested. Would speech come from him, and what would it be? At last, after a severe struggle, it forced itself from him.

"A nice night, sir?"

He looked proud of his performance.

"I thought it was a little foggy," I remarked, pleasantly.

He was reduced to despair again.

"So it is; how stupid of me. I must have been thinking of some other night."

It took him some time to get over that set-back, but he fought valiantly, and at last made another start.

"Do you live in the neighbourhood, sir?"

"Yes; just round on the Terrace."

"Ah," he asked eagerly, "have you been burgled?"

"No," I said, laughing; "not yet."

He looked quite relieved.

"Another robbery round there last night," he went on. "It's getting serious. That makes twelve."

"As many as that?" I said. "Did they take anything this time?"

"No; oh, no, they didn't touch a thing," he broke in hastily. Then as an afterthought: "I suppose they were disturbed."

"They seem to be a half-hearted lot of rogues," I said. "They've only robbed one house out of the lot that they've broken into. They——"

"It's a lie," he broke in; "a damn——"

He caught my look of astonishment, and retired in confusion before it.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "I—I—er, I think I am taken like that sometimes. What was it you were saying?"

"I said the thieves had only robbed one house," I replied, gently.

"Ah, of course, they did rob one, didn't they? They robbed that man Marks; of course they did. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

It was an abandoned mirthless laugh—the laugh of the man who is forced to see the joke against himself.

He picked up the paper to cover his confusion, and read it upside down for several minutes. At last he succeeded with another effort.

"Are you insured, sir?"

"No, I am not," I replied. "I suppose I ought to be, eh?"

The man was transformed; he became all confidence.

"Read this," he said, eagerly, putting a booklet, headed "Delays are Dangerous," into my hand. "I can insure you against anything—*anything*, sir. But burglary's my especial line. Read that, sir."

Another booklet came forth. This was headed, "Armed at all Points," and depicted a man defying all the ills which issue from Pandora's box.

He was studying my face, and evidently its expression was not satisfactory.

"Have you got the patent fasteners and burglary alarms?" he started again, hopefully. "I can supply you with any of those——"

Another book, embellished with plans and pictures of wonderful instruments with which to torment intending thieves was pushed into my hand.

"Or a safe, sir? A safe's the thing." He eagerly searched his pockets, turning over a perfect library of pamphlets. "Look at that, sir; and that."

I did, and still smiled. It was an alluring double picture of the stage melodrama order. On one side a frightened woman and a complacent man sat up in bed. "Do go to sleep, Maria," he was saying; "it's only the burglars trying the safe again." In the room on the other side of the picture stood the burglars, hurling horrible imprecations against the adamantine safe. "It's no go, Bill," one of them was saying; "may as well get home to bed. It's a ——" There, of course, followed the name of the maker.

"With the fasteners and alarms, one of those safes, and an insurance policy, you could sleep soundly and leave your house while you travelled round the world," he pleaded.

"Well," I said, rising to go; "I'll think about it when I can't sleep, or when I am going to travel."

The light died out of his face, and it looked pitifully worn and nervous again.

"Will you think over it? May I call?" he stammered.

"Not much good," I replied. Then, as he sighed sorrowfully, I added: "unless I am robbed—that might rouse me. If you see an account of it in the paper, come and see me," I said, laughing and throwing him a card.

I was quite startled by the expression that came into his face. He looked as one of the ancients might have done when pursued by the Fates.

. . . . . .

Various affairs banished him from my mind until late that night, when I looked at my housekeeper. Then I smiled at the idea of safes. Mrs. Murphy is a soft-hearted, iron-muscled Irish giantess, big enough to eat the average Bill Sykes.

"Sure, and it's late you are, sor," she said reproachfully.

"Yes, I am rather, Martha. Has anybody been for me?"

"Not a soul, sor. It's alone that I've been the whole blessed day, and not so much as a beggar to ask how I did at all."

This was Martha Murphy's one grievance against life. I saw a prospect of a lengthy recital, so I applied the closure.

"Ah, you'll have to get a young girl in to help you and keep you company after all, Martha," I said; knowing that remark was always effective.

"The sluts," snorted Mrs. Murphy, as she made for the door. "Sure and if I never opened me mouth again in the blessed worrld I wouldn't be bothered with the dirty baggage."

In spite of her size, Mrs. Murphy always made many preparations against invasion, and I fell asleep to the sound of shooting bolts and bars. I awoke with a start some time later, for muffled screams were proceeding from the lower rooms of the house.

"Mrs. Murphy and the burglar," I said to myself, as I slipped into some clothing and hastened in the direction whence the noise came.

When I reached the room below I found it in darkness, and as I switched on the light I discovered that I was right in my conjecture. The position of things, however, was not quite conventional, for the screams were produced by the burglar, and were the result of blows rained on his head by Mrs. Murphy. They were muffled because she had stretched him on the floor and was partly sitting on him.

Fearing the consequences, I suggested that she had better get up. She did so, and pulled her victim to his feet at the same time.

It was the funny little nervous man who had spoken to me that afternoon!

"What does this mean?" I demanded.

He opened his mouth and made several attempts to speak, but nature was too much for him.

Mrs. Murphy tried to assist by shaking him and telling him to "spake out when you're told to, yer ignorant shpalpeen."

He struggled again, his eyes fixed on her in abject terror. Then pity seized me, and I gave him a drop of brandy and sent his enemy from the room.

"Now," I repeated, "tell me what this means."

He shook his head dejectedly. "It's no use," he said, at last. "You wouldn't believe me."

"You'd better give me the chance," I remarked. "It may save you from prison."

The very word reduced the poor creature to a shivering pulp. I waited until he recovered again

"Now," I said, encouragingly.

He opened his mouth several times without result.

"It's no good," he said again, despairingly; "you wouldn't believe me."

I saw I should have to help him.

"Did you break into the other twelve houses?" I asked, gently.

"Yes," he stammered.

"Hard up?" I queried.

"Yes," he stammered again; "but I didn't take anything. I didn't mean to take anything—I—I—wasn't disturbed, you know."

"Oh, come," I said, chaffingly, "you didn't go housebreaking for fun, I suppose."

"No, not for fun," he replied, eagerly, looking into my face with a glimmering of hope in his own; "not for fun. But I never meant to rob them."

"Well, start at the beginning," I said, "and I'll do what I can about believing you."

"Thank you," he said humbly and in a faltering tone, "I—er—I've always been rather unfortunate. My firms always went smash; somehow I never seemed to get into a good one, like other people. Eight months ago my last one went wrong, and trade was bad, sir, trade was very bad."

He pulled himself up and tried to say it like a City man. But I knew he had never been anything but the cat's-paw in bogus agency offices.

"You couldn't get anything to do?" I suggested, encouragingly.

"No, not till three months ago. Then I got this district insurance agency for three months on trial, paid by results. But it was just my usual luck. The place had been well done; everybody seemed to be insured except for burglary, and they wouldn't catch on to that. In two months I only got three people, and the office was giving me pretty straight hints."

"Well?" I said, as he paused.

"Don't you see, sir?" he asked, piteously.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," I replied, still puzzled. Then suddenly I saw light. "Great smoke!" I cried, "You don't mean that you——"

"Yes, I do, sir," he said, and I could see the nerves at work again. "The idea first came to me as a joke. Then, when they took my clothes for rent, and I'd only a few coppers left, I got desperate. I felt sure I could do it all right. So I broke into one of the houses, and although nothing was stolen, it had such a good effect on my insurance agency that I kept it up. I tried to stop it, but business dropped off directly—and to-night—well, to-night was your fault, sir—and you don't know how I've been driven."

I tried to look sternly at the poor little chap, but failed, and broke into uncontrolled laughter.

"I didn't think you had it in you," I said. "Good Lord, you must have been hungry!"

The laughter brought Mrs. Murphy back. She had evidently been listening—she generally did—or, at any rate, she always took unerring part in the conversation without help—unless from the gods.

"Sure and me heart's bleeding for him, the poor unfortunate craythur!" she said, wiping her eyes, and making for the little man, to his evident terror. "And is it married you are?" she continued.

I waited with bated breath, for I felt his punishment was coming on swift wings. Martha Murphy had made up her mind. She had always needed something masculine to mother. I was hardened, and refused her care.

He looked at me inquiringly, as if he felt his coming fate.

"No," he stammered, "I am not married."

"It's a crying shame, sure, and I thought it was neglected that you looked," she said, pityingly. Then turning to me: "Isn't he the very man we've been looking for, sir, ever since poor Murphy died, ter take your messages and do the bits of odds and ends; and the little room a-waiting all made up quite natural? Sure and it's just the comfortable home that he's needing."

I did not know till that minute that we'd been looking for a man, and for a few seconds the knowledge made me thoughtful. Then I remembered Mrs. Murphy's soft heart and motherly, if masterly, ways, and concluded that perhaps the punishment fate had in store was not so severe after all.

"The very man we are wanting," I said, heartily.

Mrs. Murphy beamed, whilst the poor victim looked pleased and frightened by turns.

"Do you mean you are going to employ me, sir?" he asked, doubtingly.

"Yes," I replied. "You don't seem to make much of a success of the insurance line. Let Mrs. Murphy take you in hand. She'll make you comfortable."

He was absurdly grateful for an untried blessing; but I think the words "comfort" and "home" absolutely conquered his lonely heart.

"Now it's a bit of supper you'd be after liking," said Mrs. Murphy, hauling him off after arrangements had been made, "and you can get your traps to-morrow."

"By the way," I said, calling him back, "I almost forgot. How about the house of the man Marks? That *was* robbed."

"It's a lie!" he stammered, indignantly. "I insured him against burglary, and then I made a mistake and broke into his house instead of next door. But I didn't take a thing. Yet the next day he claimed a hundred pounds, and I couldn't say a word, and the company had to pay. I hate that man," he finished helplessly. "I—I should like to show him up."

My conscience became quite easy as to Mrs. Murphy's intentions towards him. Really, it was quite a kindly fate that handed the poor little man over to her to take care of. He was not fit to be alone.

THE LUCK OF THE LYTTELTONS.

BY A LITTLE 'UN.

It is always interesting and informing to notice the men who come to the front at any time in any country; but when three brothers come to the top of three different professions, surely it is time to consider what the family talent is. Here are three Lytteltons, one of whom is headmaster of Eton, the greatest prize in the scholastic profession; another was only the other day Secretary for the Colonies, and a third is General the Honourable Sir Neville Lyttelton, chief of the General Staff, and a member of the permanent War Council of the country. Now, nothing is known of any of these men except that they are gentlemen of good family and that they are all excellent cricketers. This is positively the best of their achievement; not one of them has ever said a good thing, not one of them has ever done a wise thing or a great thing, and yet, here they are, in the topmost rank of the British Commonwealth.

The Headmaster of Eton.

The Lyttelton who has just been elected headmaster of Eton owes his position, I believe, to pure luck. It was understood for some time that, when Dr. Warre retired, Mr. Benson, the writer (who is also an assistant-master at Eton), would be offered the vacant headmastership. It was known that he would be elected by a very large majority; there was really no one else in the running, but at the last moment Mr. Benson refused to stand for some private reason, and, of course, a Lyttelton popped into the vacant place.

The Ex-Secretary to the Colonies.

No one ever understood why Mr. Balfour selected this pleasant, incompetent gentleman to be Secretary of the Colonies; a would-be wit did, indeed, say that the Premier had been so harried by Mr. Chamberlain that he chose his successor with the idea of "getting a bit of his own back" on him. However that may be, Mr. Lyttelton did not shine as Secretary for the Colonies. The only piece of work that he did that is likely to be remembered was the introduction of Chinese servile labour into South Africa, and that is scarcely an achievement which even a Lyttelton would regard with pride.

General the Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton.

The same good fortune that chucked Arnold-Forster into the head-ship of the War Office put General the Honourable Sir Neville Lyttelton at the head of the General Staff. He was examined the other day before the General Commission of the War Stores in South Africa, and really his evidence reads like the evidence of one who is still an inmate of Hanwell. He was quite cognisant of the fact that he was selling good to Meyer and other contractors at ridiculous prices—goods which he would be pretty sure to have to buy back again from the contractors at enormous prices for the use of the Army—that didn't seem to him at all foolish; he had to clear out the stuff from the depôts—was his simple explanation.

There was a payment of £21,000 to Meyer, although Meyer was heavily in debt to the department. "Did he know of this?" "No, I did not," is his intelligent answer.

He was then asked: "Did you know about the port wine contract—the port wine that was positively sold below the duty price paid for bringing it into South Africa?" General the Honourable Sir Neville Lyttelton "remembered the contract concerning the port wine, but could not recall the champagne deal."

"You knew the duty was 16s., and we sold it at 15s.? Was that brought to your notice?"

General the Honourable Sir Neville Lyttelton: "It was not brought to my notice that we were selling it at a loss."

To compare 16s. to 15s. was evidently too great an effort to be lightly undertaken.

The General was then asked about the rebate in the Wilson and Worthington contract—the rebate of £15,000—"Was that brought to your notice?"

"I don't think so."

"When was the rebate made?"

"Well, I believe they are still quarrelling over it"; as if it had nothing whatever to do with him.

The last word he has got to say upon the whole business is: "There is generally a flood of dishonesty let loose in war time." If he had said a flood of incompetency he would have been nearer the mark.

SHAMS.

THE FOREIGN LOTTERY SWINDLE.

By Anti-Humbug.

Thanks to his characteristic national attitude with regard to gambling, John Bull is fleeced out of thousands of pounds every year by so-called "bankers" of the continental variety, who deluge this country with their circulars advising certain lottery bonds. These bonds, in most instances, are issued by municipal authorities, and in themselves are genuine enough. In some cases they bear from 2 to 2½ per cent. annual interest, and are paid off periodically by drawings at par or at substantial premiums. In other cases the sole attraction is the chance of securing a big prize at one of the periodical drawings, which are properly conducted, as such matters invariably are, in Paris, Brussels, or Berlin, under official control. A stockbroker in this country who sells such bonds at the English equivalent of the Paris Bourse quotation lays himself open to all kinds of legal penalties, but when foreign firms offer the same bonds at a price that is twice as much as their actual market value our Post Office willingly places the whole of its organisation at their disposal!

We do not propose to discuss here the ethics of lottery bonds, or whether it might not be possible for our own municipal stocks to recover their old popularity if some speculative attraction of this character were added with a slightly reduced rate of interest. We do wish, however, to expose the methods by which the British investor suffers under present conditions. We have been looking into recent circulars of Messrs. Cunliffe Russell, a firm more prolific in their literature than any of their competitors. This company has been established for many years, and it is evident that they find the business highly profitable.

Their price for Panama and Ottoman bonds is £9 each, cash, and for Congo bonds £5 10s. These have been their standing quotations for these bonds for several years, although they have fluctuated fairly widely—with the exception of Congos—within the last two years. During this period, Panamas have been as low as £4 5s. each, and Ottomans £4 15s., while Messrs. Cunliffe Russell's prices have kept consistently at £9 in both cases, or more than double the correct quotation in the case of Panamas, and more than £4 in excess in the case of Ottomans.

At the moment Ottomans are at their highest, while Panamas are now showing a downward tendency on the Paris Bourse, as compared with their best some months ago. The cost of Ottomans on the Paris Bourse at the moment is 148 to 150 francs, exclusive of all commissions, registrations, postages, etc., so that a fair price in this market would be about £6 5s., or perhaps a shilling or two more for a single bond, after allowing for such checking of drawings, etc., as any ordinary broker would undertake. Even at £6 10s. per bond the price would be £2 10s. below Messrs. Cunliffe Russell's prices, and Ottoman bonds are now at the highest at which they have ever been quoted!

Not long ago, Panama bonds cost, on the Paris Bourse, just over £5. At the moment they are round about £4 10s. to £4 15s., the latter being their quotation a few weeks ago, and the former the lowest in the interval. They fluctuate freely, and no definite quotation can be given in this country without telegraphic communication with Paris at the moment of purchase, but even a small number could certainly be put through for under £5, allowing for all expenses of purchase and conveyance to this country. Even if we take the price at £4 for single bonds we find that Messrs. Cunliffe Russell are charging £5 above any reasonable quotation. For Congo bonds Messrs. Cunliffe Russell charge £5 10s. A reasonable quotation, based on the steady price which prevails in this instance, would be from £3 8s. to £3 12s., varying according to the number purchased.

These are three bonds that Messrs. Cunliffe Russell and Co., specially boom, and on which their excessive charges are most marked. One of their favourite devices is to suggest various "combinations" of bonds, and in this connection it is worth noting that Panamas, on which they charge the greatest excess, make up the largest quantity in each combination. In their "Q. and M. combination" they give ten and thirty Panamas respectively. Next in rotation they make most in excess on Ottomans, and so these figure proportionately in each combination after Panamas. In the case of the two combinations mentioned six and twenty Ottomans are respectively given.

Next again come Congos, with £2 excess charge, and these figure to the extent of two and eight in the "Q. and M. combinations." On the Hungarian Foncier Lottery bonds Messrs. Cunliffe Russell also charge excessively, but it is in the three named where they specially secure more than the legitimate values.

Another of Messrs. Cunliffe Russell's methods is to induce an investor to purchase a really good continental municipal bond, bearing low annual interest, but carrying the chance of securing certain valuable prizes at periodical drawings. When this bond has been bought, they suggest to their client, who knows little about foreign Bourse prices, that, as the bond stands above its par value, and may entail loss in the event of being drawn at par, it will be advantageous to exchange for Panamas. Not long ago, they were suggesting to those of their clients who held Suez Canal bonds that it would be to their advantage to exchange for Panamas. Suez Canal bonds are legitimately worth £26 apiece. Yet in exchange they offered three Panamas, actually worth at that time about £15. The profit margin was thus about £10 upwards on the deal!

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DOUGLAS STORY, The cted War Correspondent.

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WHERE LONDON IS BEHIND OTHER CITIES.

THE CITY OF DISILLUSION.

By MARK POTTER.

London has the body of a vegetable marrow, with the soul of a radish. It is bloated, unwieldy, and there is no such thing as local patriotism to be found. Here it differs from every city in the world, and here is to be found the secret of its backwardness and uncouthness. It is not a mighty city, but a conglomeration of many towns and great villages, of petty powers with no thought for the commonweal.

The first thing which strikes the observer is the lack of architectural beauty, and the wretched conditions of passenger transport. In most respects London is far in the rear of the great cities of the homeland. It is the most ugly of capitals, and the dirtiest.

Entering London by any of the great railway lines this is very apparent. Take any of the great railway stations, for instance, and it will be found that they stand by themselves for unredeemed ugliness and dreariness. It is impossible to conceive that any great city would allow such hideous erections as King's Cross or Waterloo, with their attendant squalor and meanness. Victoria, or any other London station is little better. Narrow platforms, belittered with trucks, ramshackle barns, and unholy odours, was ever such a seething mass of grime and jaded humanity as Waterloo presents?

It is not that these railway buildings are extraordinarily large. Victoria Station, Manchester, and Waverley Station, Edinburgh, are bigger. The latter station presents a remarkable contrast to the London stations in its magnificence and grandeur. When the Continental stations are considered, the contrast is still greater. Take France or Germany, with its grand stations at Frankfurt-on-Maine, and Cologne. Such a contrast would be much the same as comparing Ludgate Hill Station with that at Derby.

It is incredible that any other place than London would tolerate such a horrible system of passenger transport as allows the existence of Snow Hill Station, with its filth, and defiance of every decency of human comfort. Nowhere else on the globe, I venture to state, as one who has travelled, are to be found conditions so vile—and London does not even murmur.

It is the same in passenger transport throughout. London is the last place to tolerate horse trams. Unimportant villages in the provinces have splendid services of up-to-date trams: in London the tram systems are being "electrified." It takes much to electrify London.

The main streets of London are thronged with lumbering, comfortless omnibuses to-day, and the Londoner scarcely dreams of the possibility of any other means of transport. Conditions are different; the traffice is immense: excuses are there in plenty. Meanwhile London, with all its gigantic size, lingers far behind the provincial cities in tramway enterprise, and these cities are big, and have great traffic in narrow streets. There is such a place as Market Street, Manchester.

The lack of enterprise to be found in London is remarkable, and wearying. It needs an invasion of foreign capitalists to project its "tubes." The feeling which causes provincial cities to vie one with the other as to which shall become most noble is quite absent in London.

Take the streets, for instance, not that London has a real street. It would be unfair to institute any comparison between Edinburgh's noble Princes Street, but take into consideration such provincial streets as Lime Street, Liverpool; Sackville Street, Dublin; Argyle Street, Glasgow; Corporation Street, Birmingham; and a host of others. In London there are many long rows of jumbled-up structures cast together without the slightest regard to architectural congruity: it would be difficult to find anywhere such a medley of fine and base buildings cheek by jowl. But there are no beautiful streets.

Certainly there is Regent Street, but the contrast with any similar Continental street will be disastrous. Also there is Piccadilly. Poor London! Think of the Champs Elysées, Paris; of the Ringstrasse at Vienna, or that at Cologne; of the Kaiserstrasse, Frankfurt; think even of Broadway, New York. Poor London, indeed.

What large city would desecrate its finest square with such a building as the indescribably mean National Gallery? The mention of Trafalgar Square conjures to view Paris's Place de la Concorde, to the detriment of the London square.

This utter lack of beauty to be found in London spreads to every aspect of its life. The post offices, from St. Martin's-le-Grand to the most tiny office, are an abomination of unloveliness. Dirt, gloom, malodours—of such are the post offices. None is dignified: all are emaciated and jaundiced; yet our great cities have spacious buildings of good proportions. It does not matter in London. Continental cities are proud of their post offices—palaces with bepictured halls. London has no ambition to be a place of stateliness, as becomes the capital of a mighty Empire. It builds a grim jail-house, and labels it "The Frivolity Theatre" instead. Unmitigated ugliness it allows without a thought.

In every branch of municipal activity the same thing is found. London lags behind. Some parts are well-lighted, others are not. Telephones are a luxury, the water supply is imperfect. The lack of a real municipal life is the reason. One part of London takes not the slightest interest in the doings of the other parts, and so the mischief is brought about, for there is not the slightest uniformity.

In the matter of pleasures London is ludicrously in the rear of great cities. Pleasures are expensive and wearisome. Compare the prices of admission to a London theatre with those charged in a big provincial town, taking into consideration also the accommodation provided. In provincial cities the seating accommodation at theatrical productions is both far cheaper and much better. The best plays are to be seen, and there is a frequent change of programme.

In the way of Sunday postal facilities, London differs from the great cities. It seems strange that the Sunday delivery of letters, which is so highly appreciated elsewhere, is unknown in the Metropolis.

London has compensations of a sort. It enjoys many privileges. Still, taking all things into consideration, it cannot be doubted that it is behind the times.

SHOULD JUDGES BE MUZZLED?

Can nothing be done to prevent some of our Judges—especially the elderly ones—from making fools of themselves? Certain pillars of the Bench appear more anxious to obtain a reputation for wit, no matter how thin and cheap, than to apply their minds earnestly to the issues of the cases that come before them. Here we have Judge Edge, of the Clerkenwell County Court—whose singular decisions are a matter of occasional comment—telling the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* "What a County Court Judge Has to Do." *Pearson's Weekly* is an excellent journal for people who appreciate its style of literature, but respect for the Bench is not increased by seeing an elderly gentleman use up two columns of type with a dreary catalogue of his daily doings. At the top of the article there is a thumbnail sketch, which is reproduced.

By HIS HONOUR JUDGE EDGE

It is suggestive of *Comic Cuts*, *Chips*, or the *Big Budget*, and purports to portray the learned Judge and his court. Can anything more undignified be imagined or better calculated to bring our judicial system into disrepute? The Clerkenwell Solon gives a rosy account of his day's work, and incidentally repeats one of his alleged jokes, taking care to inform his readers that it was received with "laughter." The "joke" in question refers to the "up and down" life of a chimney sweep, a venerable Christy Minstrel chestnut dating back to the early seventies.

When it comes to Judges still sitting on the Bench turning their daily experiences into "copy" for the benefit of the cheap Press they should be either superannuated or muzzled. The dignity of their position is lost, and they become objects of ridicule. Ridicule, like familiarity, is akin to contempt.

JIM CROW'S CRITICS.

Jim Crow's recent articles on the "Foul French" and the "Gentle German" have called forth many replies and protests, from which we select the following:—

THE "EGREGIOUS ENGLISH."

(A Counterblast to the "Foul French.")

By H. F. Prescott.

In some respects, no doubt, we English are superior to the French. Let us glance at a few of our deficiencies.

One great merit of the French is their common-sense. Social problems are handled by them calmly, without prejudice, without heat, and, above all, without sentiment. In this connection it is impossible to avoid mention of an unpleasant subject, one seldom talked of in the hearing of ears polite, but one which profoundly affects society—"vice" in the technical sense of the word. We ignore its existence and allow it to run rampant, with the pernicious results known to every man of the world. The French recognise its existence and apply such regulations as permit it to produce the mimimum amount of harm to the community.

Life, however the heavy Radical journals may look at it, is not all politics and religion. Gaiety ought to play a very prominent part. What said Dr. Johnson? "Sir, I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice." Yet our sage local bodies think—but are they capable of thinking?—that when they have provided us with politics and religion they have done all that a reasonable man can expect. Music, I do not hesitate to say, is just as integral a part of life as politics, religion, and sanitation. But music is only provided grudgingly, spasmodically, and inefficiently. Whereas it ought to be as regular and as excellent as the water supply.

It is the same with art. The contemplation of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture tends insensibly to raise, refine, and charm our souls. Picture galleries and sculpture galleries should be everywhere. They are to be seen in places; but every village should have its band and its art gallery.

Here resides the cure of our great national sin—drunkenness. A man who can honestly think that by reducing the number of public-houses he can put down intemperance may be exceedingly honest, but nature has omitted to provide him with a brain. Have people the vicious and almost weird craving that some try to make out? No. By indulgence they may acquire such a craving. But they had it not at first. They began to drink because they were bored. The French are equally famous for their abstemiousness and for their gaiety. The English are dull and drunken.

Our attitude towards betting is perhaps as typical as any, and shows up in a lurid light our profound ignorance of the art of life. Certainly there are more profitable and more interesting pastimes. Yet the fact remains that the propensity to support one's opinion by a wager, however foolish that opinion may be, is an ineradicable instinct of great masses of mankind. That being so, the sensible plan would be to recognise it, and give to its working the sanction of the law. We do nothing of the sort.

When a murder is committed, so obviously a murder that an infant in arms would recognise it as such, the police pompously proclaim it to be a murder, and demand credit for the stupendous discovery. When the evidence points so clearly and unmistakably to the criminal that an inmate of Earlswood might spot him, the police arrest him, raising loud pæans of triumph, and are acclaimed by the Press as rivals of Lecoq. When, however, a deed is done involving an element of mystery the scene changes altogether. Weeks, months, years, go by, and no approach is made to its solution. Meanwhile the police contemplate the sleeping public with a contented smile. It saves them a lot of trouble. They order this matter better in France. Is it credible that in France four such mysteries as the Merstham, the North-Western Railway, the Studio, and the Camberley would all still remain mysteries? No, it is not credible. For in France they have a highly-trained criminal police department, but in England such a department is lacking. It may exist nominally, but in essence there is no such thing.

The want of simplicity in our English social life is another glaring defect. Everyone except the working-man is continually striving to appear what he is not. The working man alone is satisfied to appear what he is—provided always he has plenty of beer and not too much work. But everybody else likes to be thought, in the vivid racing phrase, though with a different shade of meaning, "a bit above himself"—except the aristocracy, who delight to debase themselves by alliances with Chicago. The middle-class has long been "fair game" for the novelist; but the middle-class has only itself to blame. What could be more ridiculous, for instance, than the double complaint which is so much in evidence (1) that we don't know where to lay our hands on a servant nowadays; (2) that we don't know what on earth to do with our daughters? Why is it that a decent cook is so rare in the land? Because our daughters are taught that a knowledge of cookery is "low," but that to strum on the piano confers a "je ne sais quoi" of polish and raises them in the social scale. Why do shoals of women infest the big drapers' shops and block up the public thoroughfares? Why, in frantic search of clothes which, though made of worthless material, possess a certain veneer and pretence of the style of upper class wear.

We elevate our brows when we read of the Chicago meat horrors. But if our own purveyors are so blameless and immaculate, how is it that the police reports continually exhibit records of convictions for the sale of diseased pork, rotten jam, and copper-soaked vegetables, the guilty parties not being little hole-and-corner hucksters, but great and renowned firms, whose bosses in some cases move in quite exalted circles.

Ah, Jim Crow, snobbery, hypocrisy, and incompetence are not generally regarded as shining virtues, and you will have to admit that in the matter of blameworthiness your "Foul French" are run precious close by the "Egregious English"!

THE GENTLE GERMAN.

By D. V. Kelly.

On June 30 the readers of John Bull were treated to an extraordinary diatribe purporting to inform the German Editors "what *I* think of their compatriots." Perhaps, then, to return the compliment, some of those who have agreed partly with the article may like to hear what *I* think of Jim Crow.

The editor has informed us that "the views expressed in this article are the exclusive property of the writer." We think that the most Radical of Socialists would not attempt to infringe his monopoly. Jim Crow begins with a characteristic paragraph, savagely disclaiming all connection with Germany and America, and affirming that "the best blood in Britain is Phœnician (?), the next best Keltic, Norman, Pict, or Dane; the muddiest of all, German." Here I can do no better than quote Defoe, who seemingly had Jim Crow in his mind when he wrote:—

> "These are the heroes who despise the *Dutch*,
> And rail at new-come foreigners so much,
> Forgetting that themselves are all derived
> From the most scoundrel race that ever lived;
> A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
> The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
> By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought;
> Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
> Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains,
> Compound the breed
> From which your *true-born Englishmen proceed*.
> And lest by length of time it be pretended
> The climate may the modern race have mended,
> Wise providence to keep us where we are,
> Mixes us daily with exceeding care."

Occasionally Jim Crow has stumbled into a semblance of truth, as, for instance, where he attacks Conscription, and says that "they are enslaved body and soul by hordes of offensive officials," but his coarseness of expression, his obvious exaggerations, and his various palpable absurdities, quite estrange the reader's sympathy. Speaking of the German language, he attacks it as barbarous, and caps everything by saying that "their music is mere noise."

That is just what one might have expected Jim Crow to say. How immeasurably high do Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven (to mention only a few illustrious names), seem compared to Jim Crow! Then comes the striking observation that "few Germans really grow up," and that "his (the German boy's) only relaxations are gymnastics, beer, and bellowing." Really, Jim Crow could give points to most in bellowing, and as for beer—Quien sabe? After some interesting domestic particulars about "their females," in the course of which Jim Crow's brilliant imagination really surpasses itself, comes this trenchant knock-out blow: "There is no cleanliness in Germany."

I would like to see Jim Crow transported to Germany, and led down the principal streets of Berlin, with its neat, orderly, cleanly streets, and then brought home and marched through his beloved Ludgate Hill; or, rather, flogged at the cart's tail.

BULL'S-EYES.

Mr. Frank Parker, of the Hippodrome, says that Nature's attempt last week to imitate his production of "The Flood" was most creditable.

Mr. J. Hall Edwards, the X-ray expert, has made the suggestion that a Cancer Research Fund be established in Birmingham as a permanent memorial to Mr. Chamberlain. The association of Mr. Chamberlain's name with a disease which is sapping the life-blood out of Englishmen is a bit cruel.

A man who applied at the Chiswick Police Court for a summons against a neighbour said:—"He will not speak when he is sober, but he is always drunk." In other words, the man only speaks when he is speechless.

A donkey which had long been in the service of the Harrow District Council recently died, and at Tuesday's meeting of the Council a motion of regret was passed. We rejoice to think that there exists this *camaraderie* amongst the Harrow District Councillors.

A "Daily Chronicle" headline reads:—

GREAT FIRE AT A RACING STABLE.
NEARLY TWENTY VALUABLE HORSES RESCUED UNHURT.

Perhaps there were actually 19¾, for we remember that horses have quarters.

The French Marriage Reform Committee have drafted a bill permitting the marriage contract to be terminated at the end of two years. Paris trains are crowded just now.

An aeronaut says that once you have taken to ballooning you will never care for any other sort of amusement. The sport is catching on, too, for people are daily building castles in the air.

The tendency is for women to become more masculine. Some of the trunk and portmanteau stores are actually advertising "ladies' bags" for sale.

Le Petit Journal says: "Perhaps you do not like the scales of the lady above or the cries of the children below—then get a phonophobe, which fits exactly into the ear to exclude sound." The scales of the lady above are those on the high C.'s, and form no part of a mermaid story.

The Right Hon. John Burns has no sympathy with lymphatic people. We must make allowances. He has never been vaccinated.

The most appropriate event at Mr. Chamberlain's birthday celebrations on Saturday week, was the fireworks display.

A man named Adam Eve, reports the *Daily Express*, moved to Walthamstow yesterday, and discovered that his next-door neighbour was named Eden. We venture to prophesy that the serpent, in the form of the collector of taxes, will before long complete the picture.

We wonder whether Bernard Shaw is annoyed because the New York Special Sessions Court has pronounced his play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," to be "not objectionable"? "You Never Can Tell."

It was not to be expected that the Servian regicides should be hoist by their own Peter.

We breathe again. Prince Edward of Wales (ætat 12) has announced that when he is king, he will try to make all his subjects happy.

"*Chatelaine*," who does the Woman's Column in the *Star*, gives this advice:—

> Whether you decide to marry, or fight your own battles, you should acquire the habit of saving. Husbanding finances is the up-to-date business girl's avocation.

Husbanding *fiancés* is evidently what she meant to say.

A lady correspondent asks the *Daily News*: "Where in England is the best place to live cheaply?" Surely the lady has heard of Poplar Workhouse?

London Opinion had as its "Popular Problems" last week: "Is Society as black as it is painted?" The colour is new to us.

The Majority (now gone over) told the world in its first issue that Mr. Queer Hardie was hatching an old-age pension scheme, by means of which the rich are made to pay for the poor. The late Mr. Sam Lewis, the money-lender) once observed that he "took from the Lord and lent to the poor."

A gentleman has made an offer of marriage, with a settlement of £25,000, to Miss Vesta Victoria, which she has declined. She is not an anonymous donah, and she is not the first Vesta that has declined to strike on the match box.

The other day a counsel in the Westminster County Court made the plaintive confession that he had lost his brief. But worse might have happened. He might not have had one to lose.

The Bakerloobe is endeavouring to save the wages of the attendants in charge of the "chopping boxes" by turning the lift-men into ticket collectors. For the present, however, there is no reason to believe that the directors propose to turn the shareholders into dividend collectors.

The Thames steamboats, in the height of the summer season, show a loss of £1,500 a week; and now there are ratepayers who suggest cutting the loss by a sinking fund.

Some of the Yankee yellow journals have been describing the meals at the White House as feasts of Lucullus, and President Roosevelt has called in a reporter to explain that when alone his lunch frequently consists of a bowl of milk or a chunk of bread. He is evidently cutting up crusty.

It is a pity we cannot get a decision as to What is Whisky? At the recent appeal the magistrates apparently thought it was half-and-half. But this is what large numbers of the public object to swallow.

We spend in intoxicants about 4s., against a halfpenny on education. Well, you really cannot get a good drink for a half-penny, anyhow.

The British Army is well up in interpreters in different languages, but has only one who understands Dutch. This is unfortunate, for Army regulations as a rule are Double Dutch.

There is no record of a millionaire reaching the age of 100, but several paupers have managed it. On the whole, we should prefer to be the millionaire.

Spanish ladies are taught to handle a sword from childhood, the result being a good figure and graceful walk. Here a knowledge of how to handle a broomstick is more frequently useful.

A Charles I. sixpence has been found in the stomach of a bullock killed at Yarmouth. The butcher, however, has solemnly assured all his customers that the beast itself was much younger.

At one of the fashionable restaurants, visitors may choose the trout they would like to have for dinner from the tank ten minutes before being served at table; but there is no truth in the statement that rival hotels are providing hens which will lay fresh eggs for breakfast while you wait.

The Manchester grablanders have forgotten their Scripture. They should remember that the earth is the land-Lords' and the fulness thereof.

It is threatened that similar operations will soon commence in London. Directly the New Revolutionists see a vacant lot they are going to dump down their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away.

A few days ago Mr. Walter Slaughter, the composer, jumped off his bicycle at Yarmouth on hearing "Bluebell" ground out on a piano-organ, and showed the performer how his deathless song should be performed. He holds that nobody is entitled to slaughter his music.

On his last visit to London, Mascagni, he of the everlasting "Intermezzo," heard another Italian artist grinding out his passionate thrill in polka time. So he seized the handle and performed the great work himself. Passing that way an hour later he found a card stuck up over the piano-organ: "Giuseppe Cagliano, Pupil of the Great Mascagni."

The Majority has joined it.

It appears there is no truth in the statement that learned brother Grantham will resign at the Long Vacation; so, at least, 'tis said. Resigned unto his own sweet will, he'll carry on the business still.

Cap'n Tommy Bowles announces that in future he will support C.-B. This recalls the old story of the Volunteer Colonel who was preparing to go into action during a sham fight. "Is Sergeant Baggs here?" he called when the troops had lined up. "Yes, sir," replied Baggs, stepping out and saluting. "Then," thundered the Colonel, "let the battle proceed."

Somebody is always doing funny things in novels. You can hardly pick up a novel without finding one or other of the characters playing tricks with his anatomy. In one you are told that the hero's countenance fell, in another that his voice broke, in another that his heart sank, in another that his hair rose, or his eyes blazed, or his words burned, or his blood froze. Heroes should really be more careful.

A correspondent has been inspired to ask us the old, old question, "Why do we eat mint sauce with lamb?" Speaking for ourselves, to encourage the cultivation of mint.

The Army Qualifying Board complains that many candidates have deplorable ideas of spelling. But, after all, the Army was not originally meant to be a training establishment for the higher lexicographers. There is many a brave soldier who cannot spell Zygophyllum.

A man whose son has been charged at Westminster Police-court confessed to being the father of twenty-six. The case is hereby recommended to the earnest attention of the Perambulator Trade Society, with a view to the consideration of the claims of this pillar of their industry.

According to the "Volkszeitung," "because John Bull is refused the place of honour at the German table, he refuses to participate at all." It is a grievous error. We are ready to sit down at once—if it isn't horseflesh.

It is hinted that in the next Labour Cabinet, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., will be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. By that time there may be more money in the country.

A Manchester vicar has been telling his congregation that he is convinced of the immortality of animals. This authoritative expression of belief should comfort the Smart Set. They need not lose hope of going to a fairer realm than this accompanied by their favourite poodles.

Mr. Asquith, the well-known financier, confesses that he has never sat on a Board of Directors. Perhaps he had better not try. Under that operation they are apt to rise in anger.

"We are moving," Mr. Chamberlain has been telling his applauding friends, "not so quickly, perhaps, as the most impatient of us may desire, but we are moving on the right lines and entirely to my satisfaction." Whether it is proposed to erect a statue to the Right Hon. gentleman in Birmingham is not revealed, but if so he might be depicted as Patience on a monument smiling at Grief.

The travelling expenses of the Poplar Guardians in 1905 were £1,545. Why not try Cook's cheap tourists' tickets?

A morning paper says that punt cushions to match the weather are the latest fashion for the enthusiastic river girl. Her enterprise does not stop there, however. She is now believed to be looking for a complexion to match the cushions.

By-the-way, what is the latest form of nuptial infelicity? A row on the river.

It is rumoured that the Chairman of the Labour Party has applied for Letters Patent to change his name. He now wishes to be called, known, styled, and distinguished, as Mr. Zulhardie.

Smith, the leader of the Manchester land-jumpers, announces that they are in dead, sober earnest. We can quite believe it. At the time of writing they had collected £4 17s. 6d.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

CURES

All those disorders of the stomach, Blood and Nerves which result from Indigestion—by curing the Indigestion itself—by removing the cause of all the trouble. Some of these miserable and misery-making troubles are: Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Backache, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Intense Nervousness, Flatulency, Giddiness, Palpitation. This great Standard Remedy tones the whole system, purifies the Blood, braces up the Nerves, stimulates the action of the Liver, restores lost appetite and the power to sleep and makes life worth living to those who had been in despair.

And it does all this by regulating and assisting the Stomach and Liver, so that good digestion is restored.

INDIGESTION

Mrs. Mary Chambers, of 82, Commercial Road, Grantham, on Nov. 28, 1905, wrote: "My husband and I have benefited so much from using Mother Seigel's Syrup that I must tell you about it. We have both suffered much from indigestion in time past, but we are quite well now, and the credit is all due to Mother Seigel's Syrup. I used to have such dreadful pains after food that I was really afraid to eat. When I did eat, the food seemed to turn to wind, and then the pain began—it was awful. I tried many things, but got no better until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. My husband was affected in much the same way, but his suffering was perhaps severer than mine. However, knowing the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I got him to take it, and it cured him as it had cured me."

BILIOUSNESS

Mrs. Elizabeth Morley Robinson, of 1, Albert St., Hucknall, Notts, began to suffer from indigestion six years ago. She could find no relief for six months. Then she used Mother Seigel's Syrup, and three bottles cured her. In a letter dated Nov. 27, 1905, she says: "It came on first with a dull, spiritless feeling. I generally got up with my tongue all coated. Soon I began to have pain at the stomach after food, and this got worse and worse till it was really dreadful. I tried various things, and had endured this misery for six months or more when I first thought of trying Mother Seigel's Syrup. Well, it did me good from the first dose almost, and after three bottles I was quite cured."

CONSTIPATION

FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS THE WORLD'S REMEDY.

The 2s. 6d. bottle contains three times as much as the 1s. 1½d. size.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

"CIVIL ENGINEER" writes us from Chatham, with some interesting documents, exposing the swindling methods of a French firm of photographers calling themselves the Société Artistique de Portraits, of 23, Rue de Hamburg, Paris. We are much obliged to him, and will keep our eye on these people.

CHARLES EVERY, 21, Cassland Road, Victoria Park, N.E., sends us a copy of a letter he recently addressed to Dr. Clifford, asking for guidance in reconciling his conscience to the conviction of one of the "Peculiar People" if the Bible is to be taken as "the rule of faith and conduct." He complains that he has received no reply. Of course he has not.

"THE JUNIOR" asks us to publish his reply to our recent Open Letter to Mr. Justice Grantham. We regret that we cannot do so. This is a specimen of his argument: "Judges have no politics—then how can you say that Mr. Justice Grantham is a bitter political partisan"? Here is another: "Judges are not appointed in this country because of their political views. . . No Judge is appointed unless he has got, above all things, great ability. . . He is a very poor sort of lawyer who does not respect the decision of the man he has appealed to," etc., etc. Perhaps our correspondent will write again, after he has grown up.

CHARLES M. WILSON, of 85, Central Beach, Blackpool, calls our attention to the remarkable little dinner given by the Emperor of Germany on board the "Hamburg," at which the guests included President Roosevelt's daughter and Mr. George Armour, of Chicago fame. Our correspondent thinks, and thinks rightly, that the spectacle of the representatives of war, beef, and democracy drinking each other's healths would have done the heart of Hogarth good.

J. A. BEAMONT, 40, Battersea Park Road, sends us a very kind and encouraging letter, for which we thank him. But he is wrong in thinking that the *Majority* was issued under Harmsworth auspices.

"ASTLEY," all the way from Ingatestone, calls our attention to a very suspicious advertisement of Craig, Craig and Co., of 55, Bath Street, Glasgow, who advertise boots, watches, etc., upon the instalment system, clearly leading purchasers to think that the goods will be sent on payment of the first instalment. Of course, this is a well-known "catch-penny" firm, and if our correspondent had looked carefully at the "explanation" he has received, he would see that it is a stereotyped form, done by one of the "manifold" processes—his name and address being the only part specially typed in. It is clear that they have many complaints to deal with.

F. W. R. S., of Manor Park, sends us a pretty cutting from another Harmsworth paper, telling how an unfaithful husband, who, in the belief that his wife was away from home, was disagreeably surprised, on entering his bedroom with the temporary mistress of his heart, to discover his spouse already in occupation, and not alone! The journal in question is described as one "for the home."

X. Y., Glasgow, and others direct attention to an obvious error appearing in some of the earlier copies of our last issue—Father Vaughan being described as "Cardinal." He also generally traverses Herbert Vivian's criticism of the distinguished priest. This is one of his kindly remarks: "What about families living in incest—perhaps that hit you in a *tender spot*." We think we had better leave it there.

B. S. LONG, M.A. (West Ealing) corrects our spelling of the word *freundliche* by making it plural, *i.e.*, *freundlichen*, and also calls our attention to another, but somewhat remote, grammatical slip. That's the worst of these M.A.'s!

YORKSHIREMAN takes exception to one of our advertisements, and asks: "Cannot a decent paper be run without all sorts of quack advts."? We are afraid it can't—but we'll do our best.

G. N. BUNTING (Clapton) asks: "When will wings be the latest style?" When pigs fly.

W. G. HARDING (Edgbaston) asks if we are the gentleman who served as Major of the I.L.H. during the late war. No, we are like Mark Twain. It's a sweet thing to fight and die for your country—but we don't like sweet things.

ANGLO-SAXON suggests that we award a biscuit to the Clerk of the Weather for his recent generosity in giving us warm weather, hot weather, weather insufferably hot; mild showers, heavy rains, and a flood—not to mention a rather cold snap and a thunderstorm. We will carefully watch his conduct in the immediate future.

THE ANTI-CANT LEAGUE asks us to join them. They say they are non-political, and that their object is the extermination of all shams and cant from society. They had better make JOHN BULL their official organ.

J. T. STEELE (Blackfriars) says he asked his little boy the other day why he didn't say his prayers in the morning as well as the evening, and got the reply, "I don't go to the City yet." That boy will get on.

"SENSITIVE" (Leytonstone) wishes to know why, when inquiries have to be made or signatures verified, police *in uniform* are sent to the houses of respectable people? We will ask the Home Secretary about it, and have it put right.

J. E. BAKER (South Hackney) is afraid that the Government mean to cut down the Navy programme, and that other countries will be building ten to one against Britain. This must not be. Whatever happens with the Army, our Navy must be maintained. Britannia *must* rule the waves.

"IMPARTIAL" thinks our recent "Word for the Money Lender" should have had as a sub-title, "or what to do with our boys." He sees only black sheep in the fold. What about the Church?

A DISSATISFIED ENGLISHMAN appreciates the effort originally made by Mr. Caldwell to defeat Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Musical Copyright Bill. "A piano," says our correspondent, "can be got on easy terms—then why not music?" He has our sympathy.

W.I.G. (Leeds) writes us a long letter, with some strange experiences at the local County Court. The facts he mentions are certainly striking, and point to the urgent need of a complete revision of our present method of dealing with the collection of small debts.

CLISSOLD (Dalston) pleads for an extra hour on Sundays and Thursdays in the parks during the months of July, August, and September. Why open at 6 a.m.? he pertinently asks. Why not an hour later in the morning, and give visitors the extra hour at night? *Why* not?

J. H. NECK (Piccadilly) thinks that another grievance against barristers is their habit of advising compromises when they get into court, and after taking their fees to fight the case. This is undoubtedly a serious and growing scandal—especially with the "big" men. We have a measure in contemplation to deal with it.

G. HART (Soho) wishes to know what there is to prevent the City man, out of work, from falling in with the ranks of an "unemployed" demonstration. "Let him pocket his outward pride," says "G.H." That's just it. We believe the spectacle of a few hundred of the "shabby genteel" on the march would have a good effect.

A MAN OF KENT (Birkenhead) directs our attention to a paragraph in the *Weekly Dispatch* about an incident in the South of France—"a long way to go for interesting news for families"—dealing with the violation by their father of four daughters and the suicide of one of them. In the abstract, there is, of course, no reason why such news should be suppressed. It is only when a paper claims to be superior in moral tone to its contemporaries that it invites special criticism. But we are not sure that the *W.D.* does so.

C. H. NORMAN (Hyde Park Mansions) sends us copy of a very interesting correspondence with *London Opinion* in reference to the authorship of certain "Maxims and Moralisings" appearing under the initials of its editor. We have already dealt with the matter.

A. J. A. (Madley) tells us that a children's party took place the other day in a small hamlet in the Swansea district. A request was made to the local police for a "man or two" and they sent *three mounted men, with swords*. "Mounted Police at a Bun Wrestle" makes a good headline, our correspondent thinks.

H. W. DINTORS (Brighton) sends us a copy of the *Brighton Gazette*, in which a rather smart contributor makes rare fun of an imaginary lion at the Aquarium—a *photograph* of which had appeared in *Good Words*. He goes on to expose an old sham, in the same magazine, in the shape of a "Bible Competition"—to "make the children read the Bible more"—and to make them buy certain "pictures," which are the basis of the competition. Oh, these "good" people!

NEXT WEEK

"John Bull" will address an OPEN LETTER

TO

DR. CLIFFORD,

Leader of the Liberal Party.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Trainers Grumble.

A very justifiable complaint is made by most trainers in regard to stud grooms' default to "handle" their yearlings, so that when they come up into stables it is quite a business to get clothing on them or handle their feet and mane. In many cases it involves cruelty being used to the young ones.

'Twill Create Trouble.

If street betting is prohibited, the man who could afford to invest his "bob" on a horse for his own amusement will have recourse to a commission agent, with whom he cannot bet under 5s. at a time, run up a credit account, and so get into difficulties.

They Abound at "Headquarters."

I think that loose dolls should never be permitted on any racecourse, for a horse has only to swerve or be bored against the edge of one, when they are used (as is so frequently the case even on metropolitan courses) to mark the track at intervals, to bring about the worst results and certain death to the horse.

Do Everything—but Pay.

Solvent club bookmakers complain that it is absolutely impossible to lay the full "paper odds" and meet their engagements. Yet the country has been flooded with circulars from different firms offering all manner of inducements to get custom, such as full paper odds, no limits, betting for places when favourites start at odds on, 1-2-3 betting with seven runners, no deductions of any kind, and even the full market odds and a run given. All such matters need no comment, but there are unwary folk everywhere.

Before Tattersall's.

Apropos of my recent promise to make a suggestion relative to Tattersall's Committee, and the few cases it is now possible for them to hear, it was their rule never to entertain any case which has once been made the subject-matter of law, and particularly since what were known as the Stratton and Maisie cases they created a rule that they would not decide cases of

Chappell & Co.'s Latest Ballad Concert Successes.

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EDWARD GERMAN.
"WHEN MAIDENS GO A-MAYING."
"LOVE IS MEANT TO MAKE US GLAD."

FRANCO LEONI.
"COOLAN DHU."

MAUDE VALERIE WHITE
"IN GOLDEN JUNE."
"IN THE SUMMER GARDEN"

GUY D'HARDELOT.
"I THINK."
"MY HEART WILL KNOW."
"I HID MY LOVE."

HERMANN LOHR.
"THE HUNT'S UP."
"A CHAIN OF ROSES."
"REMEMBER ME."
"IN THE HEATHER, MY LADS."

TERESA DEL RIEGO.
"TO PHYLLIDA."
"EGLANTINE" AND "AN OLIVE BRANCH."
"THE BELL."

FLORENCE AYLWARD.
"OUT OF REACH."
"I CLAIM YOU MINE."
"THE SLEEPY SONG."

FRANK LAMBERT.
"THE BURIED ROSE."
"DEAR HANDS."
"DEEP IN MY HEART."

W. H. SQUIRE.
"LOVE IS WAITING."
"THREE FOR JACK."
"THE OLD BLACK MARE."

ERNEST NEWTON.
"THE MAGIC MONTH OF MAY."
"LOVE'S ECHO."

GEORGE H. CLUTSAM.
"SWEET, BE NOT PROUD."

NOEL JOHNSON.
"WILD ROSES."

WADDINGTON COOKE.
"VISITORS."
"DREAM SHIPS."

BERNARD ROLT.
"A DUET."
"THE LILY OF BOULTER'S LOCK."
"The Children of London" and "The Organ-Man."
"River Thames" and "Amethyst, Rose, and Pearl.'

ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.
"BETTY'S WAY."
"TAKE YOUR LUTE AND SING."
"A Bowl of Roses."
"The Queen of Loveliness."
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bets in dispute made by telegram, unless such telegram was stamped before noon on the day of the race. This itself shuts out 99 per cent. of S.P. business, for no one ever dreams of sending their messages so unnecessarily early in the day. What it really comes to is that the Committee can therefore only decide, and only intend to adjudicate upon, bets in dispute made upon racecourses, and their recent alteration making exception in the case of members of their own body hardly alters it. The office of Committeeman is no sinecure; it entails frequent attention at Albert Gate, and filling a position which is bound to give dissatisfaction to one or other of the parties. As honourable men, the Committee, who generally number three or four at a sitting, naturally do their utmost, and their being in such a position is very ample evidence of what the public think of them. Admittedly, however, this tribunal does not sufficiently fulfil the requirements of the present-day racing and betting world, and it is an undoubted fact that while some ten or a dozen cases now form the list for hearing on the first Monday in each month, ten years ago there was a list of fifty or sixty, both in London and at Newmarket. Now, however, the majority of disputants recognise the absurdity of presenting their cases for arbitration.

A Suggestion.

My proposal is that there should be a recognised racing tribunal, sitting much more frequently—say, once a week—and before which body anyone and everyone can bring any and every case to be adjudicated upon on its merits. No twelve o'clock rule or question whether the law or any other power has been invoked should matter. The racing army are already sufficiently denied the advantages of the laws of their own country, without the actual ruling body also seeking opportunities to either lessen the number of cases to be submitted to them, or putting every obstacle possible in their way. Such a tribunal as I suggest would be thoroughly self-supporting, as an ample fee could be levied for the hearing of each case. This would be gladly paid by both sides if they were aware that their dispute, or report, would be heard upon its merits as a BETTING TRANSACTION. But such creation of further work it would not be fair to put upon honorary officers, and therefore those appointed to judge such matters should be men of practical experience, not alone in racing, but in betting, and not only in Tattersall's or club wagering, but qualified to decide minor disputes—and they should act as stipendiaries.

The Future.

Thursday's very old-fashioned Chesterfield Stakes cannot attract a field worthy of its prestige and antecedents, but ULPIAN runs, ridden by Lynham, and is such a good horse that he will assuredly have an easy task. Sandown at the week-end will draw the crowd to see another Eclipse Stakes decided. This race has really always been a success, and yet I doubt its lasting very much longer, in common with all ten thousand pounders. This time the "threes," moderate and mixed though the form is, should beat the seniors, and as he has the best of the weights, is in top-top trim, and has been expressly kept for it, I shall vote solely for GINGAL.

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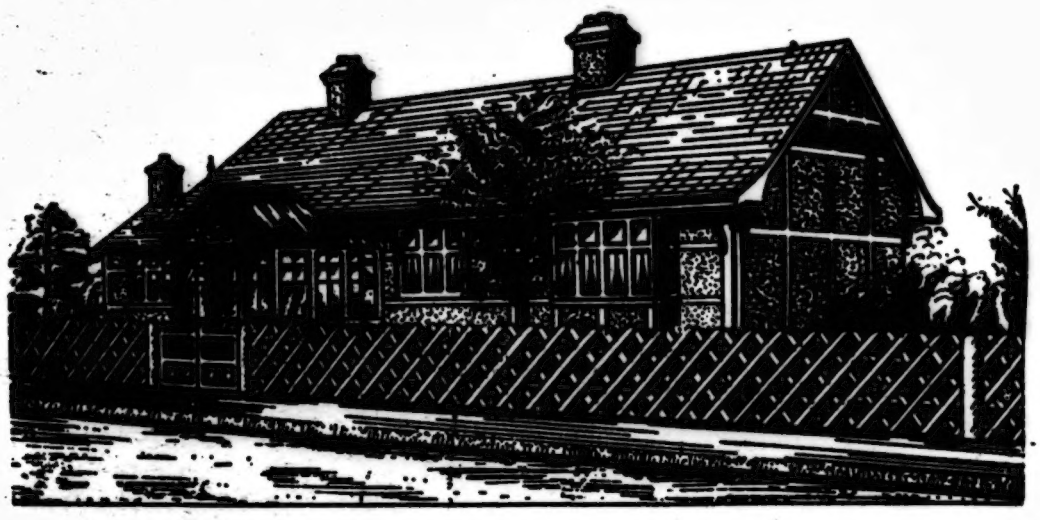

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